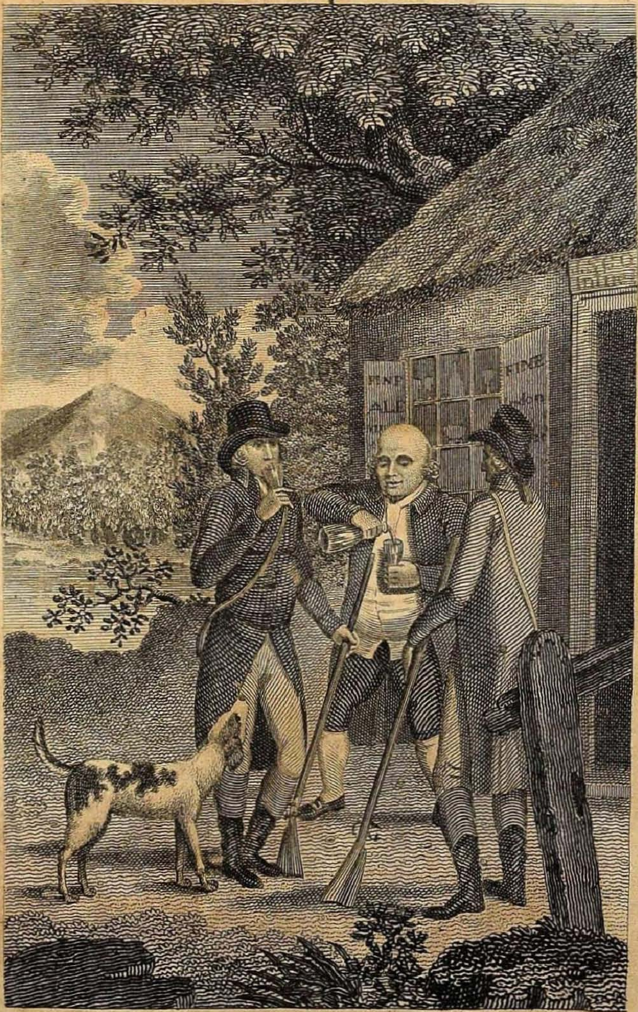

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SPORTSMEN REFRESHING.

Published April 1-1797, by J. Wheble Warwick Court.

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THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR of the Transactions of THE TURF, THE CHACE, And every other Diversion Interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR, and Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18. Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Pauls.

MDCCXCVII.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE:

O R,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure, Enterprize and Spirit,

For OCTOBER, 1796.

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ORNAMENTED WITH

1. Repreſentation of a *Brace of Foxes*;—2. Portraiture of *Buzzard*, the Property of C. Wilſon, Eſq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick ſquare, Warwick-lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookſeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

WE were not a little furprifed at the Remonftrance of *A Sporting Character*,—accufing us not only of Inattention, but alfo of an intentional and direct Affront, in not acceding to the Terms prefcribed in his Letter. What, are we thus to give up the Right of difcriminating, and calmly fubmit to the peremptory Dictates of a Character, not only impertinent, (as his writing clearly proves him to be,) but alfo totally uninformed of the Subject he is *attempting* to touch upon? It was our Intention ftill to have treated his Communication with that filent Contempt it fo juftly merits, (and forry we are that Neceffity compels us fo to do), had he not troubled us with a fecond *remonftrating* Epiftle, *doubting* the *fafe* arrival of his Paper. We requeft this Correfpondent to confole himfelf in the Reflection, that it never will appear in the Sporting Magazine.

The *Olive-branch of Peace* is an excellent Compofition, and we give the Author much Credit for this neat little Article, but regret exceedingly, that, being fo foreign to our Plan, it cannot obtain a Place. We are equally anxious with this Correfpondent to behold the pleafing Return of an *honorable Peace*, as it certainly muft be the ardent Wifh of every good Citizen who is a Friend to his Country, to his Neighbour, and to himfelf.

An *Elegy*, written on the Second of September, on Partridge Shooting, has a moft diftinguifhed place in our Poetical Department this month.

We return our moft grateful Thanks to *Lord Inverury*, for his Favor inferted this month, and fhall be infinitely obliged by the further communication of fuch Occurrences (of a Sporting nature) as may at any time come under his obfervation.

The Favor of *Colonel Thornton* is punctually attended to in the prefent Number. To him alfo we return our beft Thanks.

The *Hounds—an Allegory*, has a place in the prefent Number, in company with many other articles, which the refpective Correfpondents will readily perceive.

The Contents of this Number will clearly fhew the increafed, and ftill increafing Reputation of our Performance. Having commenced the NINTH VOLUME with a Collection of many valuable and interefting Articles, furnifhed by fome of the firft Sporting Characters in this country, together with fuitable Embellifhments, it is no fmall gratification to us in obferving, that a continued extenfive and rapid fale has been the principal incentive to our exertions, the produce of which (with gratitude we affert it) has fo liberally rewarded our labours.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For OCTOBER, 1796.

NEW JOCKEY CLUB.

No. VII.

The EARL *of* JERSEY.

THE publicity which has been attached to this nobleman's name, and the frequency with which a moſt amiable part of his family has been traduced, impels us to inſert an outline of his character.

George Buſſy Villiers, Earl of Jerſey, was born in June, 1735, and married March 26, 1770, to the elegant Miſs Twiſden, of Ireland, by whom he has had iſſue ſeveral ſons and daughters. He was appointed maſter of the buck-hounds to his Majeſty.

This accompliſhed and worthy nobleman has never been tormented with thoſe ambitious projects which, in general, prove ſo illuſive to the agent who purſues them; poſſeſſed of as much dignity as the proudeſt might require, and as much fortune as the moſt intereſted might hope for, he continued in the even tenor of his way, bleſſed in his own ſenſations, and bleſſing thoſe around him.

When it was determined by the government, and admitted by the Prince of Wales, that his royal highneſs ſhould have an eſtabliſhment ſuited to the ſplendor and expectations of the heir-apparent of Great Britain, Lord Jerſey was firſt mentioned, as the moſt proper gentleman in the kingdom, to fill the ſituation of maſter of the horſe; and his fitneſs for that truſt has never been diſputed, as he has uniformly conducted himſelf in that exemplary manner, as redounds to his own peculiar credit, and the honor and advantage of his illuſtrious maſter.

His lordſhip has three daughters, who are beautiful, amiable, and exemplary; one is married to Lord William Ruſſell, brother to the Duke of Bedford; another is married to Mr. Lambton, the member for Durham; and the other, who is the youngeſt, Lady Charlotte Villiers, was recently preſented at court, by her mother, and both experienced the moſt gracious reception from their Majeſties, thereby defeating the infamous purpoſes of their enemies, and proving to all mankind the diabolifm and folly of thoſe reports, which have been ſo induſtriouſly ſpread relative to her ladyſhip; indeed, there is not a

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moral or a thinking perſon in the nation, who is not convinced now that the whole progreſs of that ſtudied and ſolemn piece of miſchief, was concerted and carried on for the baſeſt purpoſes; and even thoſe, whoſe doubts were not entirely removed before, are perfectly convinced, from the reception of Lady Jerſey and the introduction of her charming daughter at St. James's, that ſuch juſt and diſtinguiſhed perſonages as the King and Queen, would not, on any conſideration whatever, extend their protection or countenance to any lady, whoſe character would not bear the fulleſt and moſt ſcrutinizing enquiry; and this very public and ſatisfactory teſtimonial of that lady's innocence became the more neceſſary, as her vigilant and ungenerous enemies had taken every poſſible precaution to undermine and ruin her for ever. We ſhall cloſe this biographical ſketch with a fervent hope, that every individual ſimilarly perſecuted, may be equally protected, and that the ſhafts of malignity may recoil on thoſe who would wickedly direct them to the boſom of another.

Horace, characteriſing the humour of the common people of Rome, repreſents them as airy and inconſtant; he calls them *ventoſi*; he ſays they eſteemed themſelves as the ſupreme judges and *cenſors* of their ſuperiors, the diſpoſers and deprivers of *faſces*; that they were very free in condemning great men, when once a cry or tale of ſcandal was raiſed againſt them, ſometimes indeed juſtly, but generally otherwiſe. We cannot help thinking, that the reigning humour or hunger for detraction, that was ſo prevalent at Rome in the days of Horace, was very ſimilar in its progreſs and tendencies to that ſpirit of obloquy, which is ſo openly maniſeſted in Great Britain at this period; and it ſhould be claſſed among the greateſt evils of ſociety, that the public credulity is ſo readily fed and abuſed.

It has been ſtrongly, directly, and circumſtantially ſtated to Europe in general, and this country in particular*, that the baneful but ineffectual attempts to injure the reputation of the Counteſs of Jerſey, was only the ramification of a deep plot leading to the diſparagement of the Prince of Wales; and until it is as fully contradicted as it has been fully aſſerted, we muſt believe the whole of that very important ſtatement to be true.

We ſhall conclude theſe brief animadverſions, by expreſſing our joy, that all the artifices and vile management of Lady Jerſey's foes have not been able to remove that bliſs, which is conſtantly reſiding in the boſom of innocence; ſhe feels that high raiſed ſatisfaction which flows from the conſideration of having brought a charming family into being, and co-operating with the univerſal parent in fitting them for uſefulneſs and happineſs.

Account of the Royal Chace.

(Continued from page 289, vol. 8.)

KING'S HARRIERS.

Sept. 28.

YEſterday his Majeſty enjoyed a long day with his harriers, in the vicinity of Braywick and Maidenhead Thicket, when, after a great deal of good running, and killing two brace, his Majeſty reached Windſor about five in the afternoon. His Majeſty, with that condeſcending attention to

* Vide the "New Brighton Guide."

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individuals, which diſtinguiſhes every action of his life, (particularly when diveſted of the ſplendor of regal dignity, and enjoying the pleaſures of the field as a private gentleman,) never permits a ſingle hare to be taken home, but they are invariably left at the neareſt gentleman's or farmer's houſe, to where they are killed. No bad example for country 'ſquires and village tyrants, (if ſuch there are,) who exiſt in *large* houſes with *ſmall* hoſpitality, and live to excite the *contempt*, rather than the *friendſhip* of their neighbours.

DEATH OF THE TAPLOW DEER.

October 1.

LORD SANDWICH, and his prime miniſter, D. Johnſon, held out this day a ſpecimen of ſport for the ſeaſon that not only obliged the oldeſt and beſt ſportſmen to be buſy, but threw the herd of *modeſt ſlow-going* gentry very far in the back ground of the picture. Upon his Majeſty's arrival at Aſcot, the Taplow deer was turned out in the bottom below the obeliſk, and going off with inexpreſſible courage and ſpeed, bid a temporary but imaginary adieu to competition. The hounds were laid on in leſs than five minutes, and running breaſt high, about eight of the beſt horſes only out of a hundred, were able to lay any where near them, till headed and ſtopped by Johnſon, Nottage, and Goſden: here was a treat beyond deſcription; a few minutes elapſed before the firſt of the cavalcade was ſeen coming over the hills at near two miles diſtance, when the hounds were again let looſe, and the deer not only waiting for them, but heading ſeveral times in the incloſures near Bagſhot, afforded opportunity for the *wanderers* to *get up*. Their gratification, however, proved of ſhort duration, for the hounds clapping ſuddenly to him, went away cloſe at his haunches, through the whole of the incloſures and coverts of Windleſham, and out to Heath, by Sir W. Abdy's at Cobham, during which the great body were again diſperſed and loſt. Here enſued a glorious burſt for the few enabled by the ſpeed of their horſes to enjoy it, till the leading hound was again headed and ſtopped at the back of Brumwell hut, with only five horſemen at their heads. When time had been given for his Majeſty to get up, the hounds were again hollowed forward, and running through Crack's Hole and Cowarth incloſures, brought him to view at Black Neſt, where he repeatedly tried at the paling of the Great Park, but in vain. Here deer and hounds were all together, when he broke view at the haugh! haugh! paſſed through the ſhrubbery, and plunged into the great ſheet of water at Virginia, and croſſed it: here his Majeſty entered truly into the ſpirit of the chace, aſſiſted in getting the hounds forward, laying them on, and ſpeaking to them in a ſportſman-like ſtyle, with the greateſt energy. After running ſeveral burſts in view, through different parts of the Great Park, he once more topped the paling, and faced the open country, croſſed the great Weſtern road, and the incloſures above Egham Hill, when being viſibly diſtreſſed, and his ſtrength inadequate to the taſk of longer conteſt, he took to the large coverts in the neighbourhood of St. Ann's Hill; theſe affording him no reſpite, from the well-ſcented hounds, he once more broke away, but was pulled down and killed in the firſt ditch, after a chace of exactly three hours, in which as much ground was run over as may per-

perhaps be remembered in the ſame ſpace of time upon any former occaſion. His Majeſty got up in a few minutes after the death, and appointed Aſcot for the place of meeting on the following Tueſday (Oct. 4) at half paſt ten, when his Majeſty, attended by Lords Cathcart, Walſingham, and General Garth, (equerry in waiting) arrived at Aſcot, where Lord Sandwich was ready with the hounds to receive him. After the uſual chorus of horns and hounds, the ſtag was turned out near the ſtarting poſt, and going boldly over Tower Hill, croſſed Cæſar's Camp, and nearly reached Wickham Buſhes, when heading over the bogs, he made for Swinley Lodge, where taking ſeveral turns in the encloſures, he was at length taken (after a ſhort chaſe) at a gate of the paddock, from whence he was conveyed in the morning.

His Majeſty was prevented by great national concerns from hunting on the following Friday and Saturday. His harriers hunted on Friday in the neighbourhood of Cookham, with a large field of the Officers of the Hampſhire Fencibles then at Maidenhead, who marched for Colcheſter the next morning.

On Saturday (the 8th) at 11, a Swinley ſtag was turned out between Aſcot and King's Beech, (before a thin field) for the accommodation of the ticket horſes, when taking a circle of ſix or ſeven miles upon the Heath, he adhered cloſely to the place of his nativity, never leaving Swinley and its environs, but racing alternately between the furzes and the large ſheet of water below Aſcot, which he paſſed twice through, and once more covering a larger ſcope of the Heath country than he had before done, was at length taken in the meadows behind Sunning Hill Wells, after a run of two hours and a quarter, great part of which was in view.

Tueſday, Oct. 11.

The chace of this day favoured much leſs of ſport than novelty, as will be readily conceived, without adding embelliſhment to deſcription. The deer was turned out before his Majeſty at Aſcot about the uſual time; and going away directly for the great park, topped the paling, paſſed entirely through it, and croſſed the Thames near Ankerwyke, where being unluckily headed, he again took ſoil, and afforded a dull and dreary ſcene to the numerous ſpectators, who ſat long and ſilently in the rain to enjoy it: from which, they were at length relieved (to the no ſmall amuſement of the ladies, of which there were a great number at the different windows) by the appearance of one of the maſculine gender, in *puris naturalibus*, who voluntarily plunged into the ſtream, and diſlodged the deer, for which his Majeſty (with his accuſtomed liberality) inſtantly ordered him a golden repreſentation of himſelf. The deer, after a ſmall circle, returned again to the deep part of the Thames, where he was obliged to be ſecured between two boats, by the aſſiſtance of which he was ſafely brought to ſhore; when his Majeſty (in very high ſpirits) ſet off for Windſor, having been in ſevere and repeated ſhowers during the day.—

SIR HENRY (OR THE BALD HEVIOUR*.)

Aſcot being appointed for the following Saturday, (Oct. 15) a

* Stags at this time of the year (for reaſons well known to ſportſmen) being unfit for the chace, Heviour (i. e. ſtags gelt) are obliged to be uſed.

deer

deer called Sir Henry, (or the bald heviour) was turned out before his Majeſty's hounds. This deer is ſo called from Sir Henry Gott, by whom he was ſent as a preſent to his Majeſty; and from the proofs he has repeatedly given of his ſpeed and bottom, drew together a great number of ſportſmen, when he was turned out before his Majeſty's hounds. Going off in his uſual good ſtile, he ſeemed to bid fair to rival any of his former performances, when croſſing the bottoms, and making a point for Bagſhot, he was unfortunately headed by ſome ſnipe-ſhooters dogs; when turning to the right, he made for Wickham Buſhes, round Hannikins, through Eaſthamſtead park, and by Warfield to Sir John Lade's at Fern Hill, where he was taken, after two hours of very hard running. The chaſe having nearly deſcribed a circle, the amateurs were no ſo highly gratified as they would have been had he led them thirty or forty miles into Hampſhire, which he probably would have done, had he not been headed at firſt going off.

Oct. 18.

The ſport of this day beggars all former deſcription. The ſtag being turned out below Aſcot, made for Wickham Buſhes, where the hounds were headed for the firſt time, and afforded thoſe who were up, a view of ſporting cavalry, two miles in the rear; from which the chaſe was a continued burſt of fifteen miles, complete and abſolute racing; even the yeomen prickers, (or huntſman and aſſiſtants, of which there are eight) with all their exertions, not being able to head, or lay by the leading hounds. For this hour, the man with a good horſe under him, though without a *guinea* on *earth*, was richer in ſublunary enjoyment, than all the court of bank or Eaſt India directors. Luckily for the *ſlow-going* gentry, (who delight in *long ſtops*,) when the ſtag had paſſed Sandhurſt, Blackwater, and from thence to Finchampſted, he made a direct double by Hannikins Lodge, Eaſthampſtead, South-hill park, by Swinley towards King's Beech, and back to Englemoor Pond, where not only the *dull and dreary followers*, but the *daſhing leaders*, thought themſelves lucky to get up, juſt as the deer took ſoil; when taking a hint from the heaving of their horſes flanks, diſtended noſtrils, &c. they very prudently followed, or endeavoured to follow the example of the King, who went off as ſoon as he ſaw the deer in the water. In a ſhort time after the company had left the field, he came out of the water, but ſo chilled and exhauſted, that he made only a circle of nearly three miles, when he was *well taken* in the Hollybuſh ride, near Sunninghill.

On Saturday October 22, a deer was turned out before his Majeſty's hounds, at the Blackbirds on Waltham common: after a ſevere burſt through the encloſures by Fefield, the hounds were ſtopped at Water Oakley, to give the King an opportunity of coming up, which he did in about twenty minutes;— it appearing that the deer had croſſed the Thames, and had made a point for Maidenhead, his Majeſty rode round to the bridge: when the hounds being laid on again, followed the deer, through Lippingham copſe, by Dorney common to Eton, and Datchet, were he was taken after a chace of three hours.

Among the perſons of faſhion who

who were present, we observed Lords Sefton, Chesterfield and Scarborough, Lady Shuldham, and a young lady who rode the chace throughout, and displayed such a specimen of agility in following the hounds, through the enclosures, as would have surprised *Lady Salisbury* herself.

Anecdotes *of* Archery.

Description of an Archer *and his* Accoutrements *in the Reign of Queen* Elizabeth.

THE following description of an archer and his accoutrements is given in a MS. written in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

"Captains and officers should be skilful of that most noble weapon; and to see that their soldiers, according to their draft and strength, have good bows, well knocked, well stringed, every string whippe in their nocke, and in the myddes rubbed with wax, braser and shutting glove, some spare strynges trymed as aforesaid; every man one sheaf of arrows with a case of leather, defensible against the rayne, and in the same fower and twentie arrows; whereof eight of them should be lighter than the residue, to gall or astoyne the enemy with the hail shot of light arrows, before they shall come within the danger of their harquebuss shot. Let every man have a brigandine or a little cote of plate, a skull or buf skin, a maule of lead, of five feet in length, and a pike, and the same hanging by his girdle, with a hook and a dagger; being thus furnished, teach them by musters to march, shoote, and retire, keeping their faces upon the enemy's. Sumtime put them into great numbers, as to battell apparteyneth them, and there use oftentimes practised till they be perfect; for those men in battell ne skirmish cannot be spared. None other weapon maye compare with the same noble weapon."

To protect our archers from the attacks of the enemy's horse, they carried long stakes pointed at both ends: these they planted in the earth, sloping before them. In the first of Edward VI. three hundred and thirty of these stakes were in the stores of the town of Berwick; there were also at the same time eight bundles of archers' stakes in Pontefract Castle.

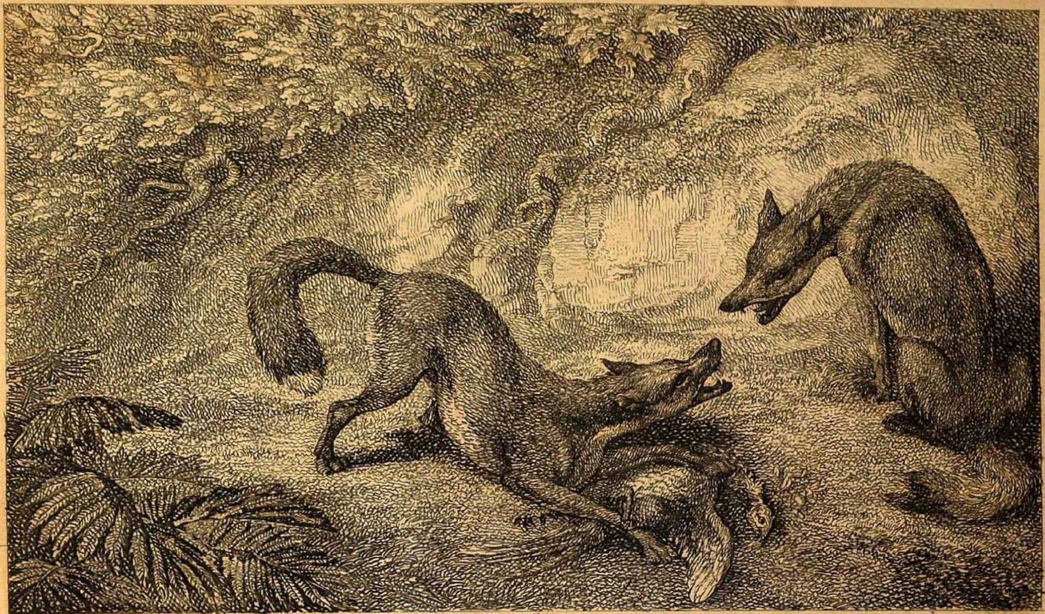
Arrows are reckoned by sheaves, a sheaf consisting of twenty-four arrows*. They were carried in a quiver, called also an *arrow-case*, which served for the magazine. Arrows for immediate use were carried in the girdle. In ancient times phials of quicklime, or other combustible matter for burning houses or ships was fixed on the heads of arrows, and shot from long-bows. Arrows with wild-fire, and arrows for fire-works, are mentioned among the stores at Newhaven and Berwick, 1st of Edward VI.

THE FOXES.

A Beautiful etching is presented in this number of our Miscellany, of two foxes. One of these cunning ravenous animals seems to have nearly concluded a repast on a member of the feathered tribe from a neighbouring farm-yard; not very civil, however, to his companion, who appears with hungry and wishful eyes to be a partaker of the dainty victim.

* Grose on ancient armour.

A Trea-



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FOXES,

Publifhed as the Act directs Nov.r 1. 1796, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

A Treatise *on* Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from page* 296, *vol.* 8.)

OF COSTIVENESS, A LAX, AND SCOURING.

THE excrements, or dung, is chiefly the remainder of the aliment, when the chyle is extracted from it as it paſſes through the guts; chiefly, becauſe it contains ſome part of the other juices which it receives in paſſing through the inteſtinal canal, ſuch as the groſſer parts of the bile or gall, which it receives from the liver. The remainder of the pancreatic juice which it receives from the ſweet-bread, or pancreas, and a fluid which proceeds from the glandulous coats of the inteſtines. All theſe excrements are carried out of the body, to keep the blood and humours free from filth, and preſerve them in that temperate diſpoſition which is neceſſary for life and health.

This excretion is not only neceſſary for the purpoſes above mentioned, but for the ſolution and termination of thoſe diſeaſes, which never go off without an evacuation. And therefore an enquiry into its nature, is not only neceſſary for the ſound, but for the morbid or diſeaſed ſtate of the body, to aſſiſt us in our judgment concerning both. By this means we ſhall be able to diſcern the ſtate of digeſtion, the elaboration of the chyle, the ſecretion and excretion of the gall, the ſtrength of the periſtaltic motion of the guts, and the conſtitution of the nervous ſyſtem.

Thus when the dung is much paler than ordinary, it ſhews the bile or gall is not duly ſecreted by the liver, and that there is a want of it in the inteſtines. This want may ariſe from an obſtruction of biliferous ducts, or from their conſtriction, as in the yellows or jaundice; or the colour of the gall may be changed by too great a quantity of ſour or acid humours abounding in the firſt paſſages. Now as the gall ſerves to ſtimulate the guts to an excretion, this may be the occaſion of coſtiveneſs and griping pains.

Likewiſe when the dung is hard and dry, high coloured, and comes away in little balls, it ſhews the gall is ſecreted in too great a plenty; and this happens more frequently in the ſummer than the winter, if the horſe is kept in the ſtable. The ſtrong ſmell of the excrements is likewiſe owing to the gall, for the paler they are, the leſs is their ſmell; and when they happen to ſtink, it is a ſign of the mortification of ſome part of the inteſtines. When the excrements are mixed with a thick ſlime of a weak digeſtion; and when the quantity is larger than common, and thin, with a good appetite, at the ſame time that the body waſtes away, it ſhews the villous coat of the guts is ſmeared with a ſlimy matter, which will let nothing paſs but the thin watry part of the chyle, while the gelatinous and nouriſhing part is excluded, and comes away with the dung. But when it comes away in ſmall round bits and very hard, it is a ſign of the obſtruction of the mucous glands of the guts, or a great heat therein, and that the periſtaltic motion is too languid.

In general, when the dung is voided in a regular manner, it is a ſign of health, and when it is diſturbed or irregular, it ſhews a diſordered ſtate of the body. In all diſeaſes of the head and nerves there is a coſtiveneſs, ſuch as pains in the head, the epilepſy, the palſy, the vertigo, and convulſions. A coſtiveneſs likewiſe is

is often the forerunner of fevers, and an attendant thereon. Likewise in most chronic distempers, the belly is slower than ordinary, which shews how much the process of this secretion ought to be attended to.

Costiveness in horses is more frequent in hot weather, from an increased perspiration, from being kept to hard dry meat, or from want of air and exercise. Sometimes it becomes habitual, and then the horse never enjoys full health, but grows lean, with a feverish heat, and a staring coat.

When the heat of the weather occasions this disorder, an opening diet with scalded bran will effect a cure, as well as in the other two cases, at most he needs nothing more than from two to four ounces of Epsom salt, dissolved in water. But when it is become constitutional, it is not so easy to be removed. It may happen, though very rarely, that a slow belly may be no disease, but rather a sign of strength and a good digestion; and then we have nothing to do but prevent its increase, with now and then an opening diet. But when it produces the symptoms above-mentioned, we must have recourse to a constant opening diet, together with emollients. The best opener is scalded barley, and he should have the water that it was scalded with to drink. All strong purges are as bad as poison, and therefore must be carefully avoided. The horse must have such laxatives only that produce their effect without raising any commotion in the blood. Among this, nothing is more safe or certain than Epsom salt. Four ounces may be dissolved in a pint of water, and given him for a dose; but this may be either increased or diminished according to its operation, and according as you would have it purge either more or less. Fenugreek seeds and linseed, on account of their mucilaginous quality, are very proper to render the guts slippery, and by that means to make his dunging regular. He should have an ounce every day mixed with his feed. Or you may mix it with half an ounce of the best aloes, and as much spermaceti, made up into a ball with honey. But this must be repeated but seldom; that is, once in four or five days.

When the body of a horse is uncommonly open, and he dungs like a cow, he is then said to have a *lax*, or when he has a purging for a few days only. But when it continues, he is then said to have a *scouring*. This may proceed from various causes, as from a sudden stoppage of perspiration, from a ravenous feeding, from hard riding or violent exercise, and then there is a discharge of slime or greasy matter; or from worms. Sometimes it is the consequence of other diseases, and sometimes it is a critical discharge of noxious humours.

With regard to the prognosticks, when it proceeds from a sudden stoppage of perspiration, commonly called a cold, it is never dangerous; nor yet when it is the effect of voracious feeding. The same may be said of that which succeeds hard labour. When scouring is habitual, it may go off as the horse advances in years, that is, when he arrives at seven or eight. That which succeeds or attends other diseases, cannot be judged of without enquiring into the nature of the disease itself. Besides it may sometimes be critical, and then it will carry off the disease it accompanies. When a looseness is spontaneous, and comes on without

any previous evident cause, it is critical, and generally tends to preserve health and prevent diseases. And when it is from worms, the only way to cure it is to remove the cause.

In the cure we must consider the cause of the disease, and the state of the horse's body. A scouring that happens from a sudden stoppage of perspiration or hard labour, when the horse is full of blood and humours, it should rather be encouraged than suppressed; and therefore he should have an open diet, and warm water-gruel. Then reduce half an ounce of rhubarb, and two drams of Virginian snake-root, into a powder, and mix them with a pint of warm ale for a drench.

If a great deal of slimy matter is voided, then a more powerful laxative must be given:

Take of lenitive electuary, four ounces; of Epsom salt, two ounces; of gum guaiacum, half an ounce: grind the gum and the salt together, and then mix them with the electuary. This done, pour in four ounces of linseed oil, fresh drawn, over them, and incorporate them together. Afterwards, add a pint of warm ale by a little and little, so as to make an uniform mixture, and then give it the horse as a drench.

This may be repeated twice more every other day, if there should be occasion. When the slime is come away, the horse will immediately return to his appetite. Sometimes after the horse has recovered his stomach, the dung will have a mixture of grease, or be covered with a thin greasy skin, in which case it will be proper to give the following alterative ball:

Take succotrine aloes and bay-berries, of each half an ounce; Virginian snake-root and gum guaiacum, of each a quarter of an ounce; of saffron, a dram; of oil of amber, a spoonful: make these into a ball with common treacle.

This being given the horse twice a week, will complete the cure, without any thing else, by bringing away all the glutinous matter which lurked in his guts.

When a looseness is attended with a fever, it must neither be encouraged, nor stopped, but something must be given that will strengthen the passages, without locking up the offending matter. For this purpose there is nothing better than rhubarb.

Take of good rhubarb, in fine powder, half an ounce; of Virginian snake-root, a quarter of an ounce; cinnamon and saffron, of each a dram. Make these into a ball, with a sufficient quantity of lenitive electuary.

This will operate a little, and the night after let the horse have the following decoction given as a drench:

Take of logwood, three ounces; of water, a quart: boil them to a pint, and towards the end add two drams of cinnamon.

The rhubarb ball may be repeated once in three days, and the drench every day, if the fever and purging do not abate. Some, instead of the former drench, give half an ounce of diascordium in a pint of red wine; but the logwood is a safer and a better medicine.

When these things have not the desired effect, and the horse has no appetite, but looks full in the belly, with distended flanks, the logwood drink or the diascordium may be given morning and night; and their astringent virtue may be assisted with a clyster.

Take of pomegranate rind, two ounces; camomile flowers and red roses, of each half an ounce: boil them

them in two quarts of water to one; then ſtrain off the decoction, and diſſolve it in Venice treacle and diaſcordium, of each an ounce, to be injected immediately, and repeated once a day till the diſeaſe abates. N. B. It muſt always be injected warm.

When the flux is exceeding violent, and the horſe ſeems to be in immediate danger, we may have recourſe to opiates.

Take of Venice treacle, or diaſcordium, half an ounce, or an ounce: of liquid laudanum, a dram; ſmall and ſtrong cinnamon water, of each a quarter of a pint, and mix them for a doſe.

The chief danger in theſe ſorts of looſeneſſes, which are attended with pain, is their turning to a mortification; and therefore the uſe of aſtringents is warranted, to prevent it as ſoon as poſſible; but it would be better if it could be done without. There is a medicine lately diſcovered, which has a wonderful virtue in curing the worſt of fluxes in men; and that is the cerated glaſs of antimony. Now, conſidering how agreeable all antimonials are to the conſtitution of horſes, there can be no manner of danger in making the experiment. Two drams would be a ſufficient doſe. It may be given every day for two or three times; but if the operation be violent, which can hardly be the caſe, there muſt be a day between each doſe; and if we may reaſon from analogy, there is little doubt to be made of its good effects. But it muſt be remembered, that he is to have no liquid till three hours after it has been given him. It may be mixed with a little of the cordial ball, for the ſake of his ſwallowing it eaſily.

When the horſe by any of theſe means is pretty well recovered, and begins to return to his appetite, he ſhould not be fed freely at firſt, but ſhould have a little at a time, and often. The ſame may be ſaid of his water, and, if the weather be cold, it ſhould be a little warmed. Beſides, if he has now and then a cordial ball, he will recover his ſtrength and ſpirits the ſooner.

Some young horſes of a weak conſtitution are often ſubject to ſcouring, without any manifeſt cauſe, or without any great ſickneſs. This will ſometimes require ſtrengtheners, or aſtringents, as the ſymptoms ſhall appear more or leſs violent. Horſes of a hot fiery temper have often the weakeſt digeſtion, and will ſcour after the leaſt exerciſe. But the reaſon given by ſome to ſupport it, viz. that their oats come away whole in their dung, is abſurd; for when they are ſwallowed whole, they will always do ſo, notwithſtanding the ſuppoſed grinding faculty of the ſtomach. Oats coming away whole, is only a ſign that the horſe eat them greedily, or did not give himſelf the trouble to chew them; for the ſtomach has no ſuch power of grinding the aliment as hath been attributed to it. This was obſerved before; to which I ſhall add an experiment, eaſy to be made, that may convince any one, which is, that if you mix oats with paſte, and cauſe the horſe to ſwallow it, thoſe oats will always come away whole, though the horſe has never ſo good a digeſtion.

The abſolute cure of ſuch horſes as theſe muſt be the effect of time, joined to a due regulation of their diet, never ſuffering them to eat voraciouſly, but keeping them within due bounds, both as to the quantity and quality of their meat and water, letting them have but a little at a time of each.

(To be continued.)

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Description of the DOG-RIBBED INDIAN, *extracted from a Journey from the Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay, to the Northern Ocean, &c. by S. Hearne.*

"ON the eleventh day of January (says this traveller) as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone.—As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination she proved to be one of the western dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians in the summer of 1770, and in the following summer when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she eloped from them, with an intent to return into her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

"From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want, is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered; and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

"The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the mother of invention. When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her, were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothes, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, &c. which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter.

"It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, shewed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials though rude, were very curiously wrought, and judiciously placed so as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

"Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows, into small lines, like net twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing net as soon as spring advanced. It is of the in-

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ner bark of willows, twiſted in this manner, that the dog-ribbed Indians make their fiſhing nets, and they are much preferable to thoſe made by the northern Indians.

"Five or ſix inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the ſhank of an arrow head of iron, which ſerved her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when ſhe eloped, and with theſe implements ſhe made herſelf complete ſnow ſhoes, and ſeveral other uſeful articles.

"Her method of making fire was equally ſingular and curious, having no other materials for that purpoſe than two hard ſulphurous ſtones. Theſe by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few ſparks, which at length communicated to ſome touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with ſucceſs, ſhe did not ſuffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that ſhe had no idea of producing fire by friction in the manner practiſed by the Eſquimaux, and other uncivilized nations; becauſe if ſhe had, the above-mentioned precaution would have been unneceſſary.

"The ſingularity of the circumſtance, the comelineſs of her perſon, and her approved accompliſhments, occaſioned a ſtrong conteſt between ſeveral of the Indians of my party, who ſhould have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and loſt at wreſtling by near half a ſcore different men the ſame evening. My guide Montonabee, who at the ſame time had no leſs than ſeven wives, all women grown, beſides a young girl of eleven or twelve years old, would have put in for the prize alſo, had not one of his wives made him aſhamed of it, by telling him he had more wives than he could properly attend. This piece of ſatire, however true, proved fatal to the poor girl, who dared to make ſuch an open declaration; for the great man, Montonabee, who would willingly have been thought equal to eight or ten men in every reſpect, took it ſuch an affront, that he fell on her with both hands and feet, and bruiſed her to ſuch a degree, that, after lingering ſome time, ſhe died.

When the Athapuſcow Indians, took the above dog-ribbed Indian woman priſoner, they, according to the univerſal cuſtom of thoſe ſavages, ſurpriſed her and her party in the night, and killed every ſoul in the tent, except herſelf and three other young women. Among thoſe whom they killed, were her father, mother, and huſband. Her young child four or five months old, ſhe concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her undiſcovered in the night; but when ſhe arrived at the place where the Athapuſcow Indians had left their wives (which were not far diſtant), they began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her, and killed it on the ſpot.

"This laſt piece of barbarity gave her ſuch a diſguſt to thoſe Indians, that notwithſtanding the man who took care of her, treated her in every reſpect as his wife, and was, ſhe ſaid, remarkably kind to, and even fond of her, ſo far was ſhe from being able to reconcile herſelf to any of the tribe, that ſhe rather choſe to expoſe herſelf to miſery and want, than live in eaſe and affluence among perſons who had ſo cruelly murdered her infant. The poor woman's relation of this ſhocking ſtory, which ſhe delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the Indians of my party."

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH I am called *the Inconstant*, yet I have more of *the Provoked Wife* about me, when you know all; therefore I apply to you,(presuming that you are no less *the Guardians* of our sex, than friends to the chace,) and wish for your advice. You must know, Gentlemen, I am tied to *the Careless Husband*, and, though I mean not to make *Much Ado about Nothing*, yet when he adds *the Gamester* to his neglect, you cannot wonder if I look back on *the Wedding Day* with some regrêt, and call it *the Fatal Marriage*. You, I know, have *the Town before you*, and may, without being guilty of much *Notoriety*, hint to him *the Mistake* he is under in not being what he promised me before marriage, *the Tender Husband*. You will say, perhaps, *the Chances* of matrimony are mere *Speculation*, and suspect my object was *How to grow Rich*; but be assured it was no such thing: the seeing *the Irishman in London* was my undoing, for knowing and feeling how his countrymen are *the Rage* of our sex, *How to get married* became my next object; and *the Stratagem* I used soon led to *the Discovery* of my passion. And though a very *Miss in her Teens*, I was in hopes he had sown his *Wild Oats*, and that we might have lived *the Constant Couple*. But 'ere the honey-moon was over, he convinced me I knew not *the Way to keep him*; though I never gave him cause, as he frankly admits, of being *the Suspicious Husband*. It is therefore become *the Wonder* of all our acquaintance that we are thus *All in the Wrong*. Do, I entreat you, advise me how to reclaim *the Fugitive*, and I am not sure but in return I may give you *a Peep behind the Curtain*, and he may think *'Tis well it's no worse*, from the neglect he shews to his

ISABELLA.

Hampton, Oct. 12.

The ROBBERS *of the* NEW FOREST. *Taken from Colman's Iron Chest.* (*Continued from page* 308, *vol.* 8.)

ACT II.

SCENE V.—The inside of an abbey in ruins. Part of it converted into an habitation for robbers. Various entrances to their apartment, through the broken arches of the building, &c. &c.

Enter JUDITH *and a* BOY.

Judith.

WELL, sirrah! have you been upon the scout? Are any of our gang returning?

Boy. No, Judith! not a soul.

Jud. The rogues tarry thus to fret me.

Boy. Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves. They never come punctual to their meals.

Jud. No tidings of Orson yet, from the market town?

Boy. I have seen nothing of him.

Jud. Brat! thou dost never bring me good news.

Boy. Judith, you are ever so cross with me!

Jud. That wretch Orson slights my love of late. Hence, you hemp-seed, hence! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch. 'Tis all you are good for.

Boy. You know I am but young yet, Judith! but, with good instructions, I may be a robber, in time.

Jud. Away, you imp! you will never reach such preferment. (*A whistle without.*) So! I hear some of our party. (*Whistle again; the boy puts his finger in his mouth, and whistles in answer.*)

Jud.

Jud. Why must you keep your noise, sirrah?

Boy. Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall ne'er come to good, if you check me so. Huzza! here come two!

Enter two Robbers, *through the broken part of the scene.*

Jud. So! you have found your road at last. A murrain light upon you! is it thus you keep your hours?

1st Rob. What, hag, ever at this trade! Ever grumbling?

Jud. I have reason. I toil to no credit; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table for your return, and no one returns in due time to notice my industry. Your meat is scorch'd to cinders. Rogues, would it were poison for you!

2d Rob. How the fury raves! Here, take my carbine; 'twas levell'd, some half hour since, at a traveller's head.

Jud. Hah, hah, hah! Rare! Didst shoot him?

1st Rob. Shoot him? no. This devil in petticoats thinks no more of slaying a man, than killing a cock-chafer. I never knew a woman turn to mischief, that she did not outdo a man, clean.

Jud. Did any of you meet Orson on your way?

1st Rob. Aye, there the hand points. When that fellow is abroad, you are more savage than customary; and that is needless.

2d Rob. None of our comrades come yet? They will be finely soak'd.

1st Rob. Aye, the rain pours like a spout upon the ruins of the old abbey wall here.

Jud. I'm glad on't. May it drench them, and breed agues! 'twill teach them to keep time.

1st Rob. Peace! thou abominable railer. A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation.—Peace, devil! or I'll make thee repent.

Jud. You! 'tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

1st Rob. What, you will set Orson, your champion, upon me?

Jud. Coward! he should not disgrace himself with chastising thee.

1st Rob. Death and thunder!—

Jud. Aye, attack a woman, do! it suits your hen-hearted valour. Assault a woman!

1st Rob. Well—passion hurried me. But I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. Come, Judith, be friends.—Nay, come, do; and I will give thee a farthingale, I took from a lawyer's widow.

Jud. Where is it?

1st Rob. You shall have it.

Jud. Well—I——Hark!

2d Rob. Soft! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

Enter Orson, *with luggage on his back, as if returned from the market.*

1st Rob. See! hither comes Orson at last. He walks in like plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

Jud. O, Orson!—why did'st tarry, Orson? I began to fear. Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy cloaths. O! my heart leaps to see thee.

1st Rob. Mark how this she-bear hugs her bruin!

Ors. Stand off! This hamper has been wearisome enough. I want not thee on my neck.

Jud. Villain! 'tis thus you ever use me. I can revenge:—I can ——do not, dear Orson! do not treat me thus.

Ors. Let a man be ever so sweet temper'd, he will meet somewhat to sour it. I have been vex'd to madness.

2d *Rob.*

2d Rob. How now, Orson, what has vex'd thee now?

Orf. A prize has flipt through my fingers.

3d Rob. Aye! marry, how?

Orf. I met a ftraggling knave on foot, and the rogue refifted. He had the face to tell me that he was thruft on the world to feek his fortune; and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provifion at my back! I had no time to rifle him:—but I have fpoil'd him for fortune feeking, I warrant him.

Rob. How?

Orf. Why I beat him to the ground. Whether he will e'er get up again the next paffenger may difcover.

Jud. Ha! Ha! O, brave! That's my valiant Orfon!

3d Rob. Orfon, you are ever difobeying our Captain's order. You are too remorfelefs and bloody.

Orf. Take heed, then, how you move my anger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine—I will anfwer to the confequence.

4th Rob. I hear our Captain's fignal. Here he comes. Ha!—he is leading one who feems wounded.

Enter ARMSTRONG, *fupporting* WILFORD.

Arm. Gently, good fellow! come, keep a good heart!

Wilf. You are very kind. I had breathed my laft, but for your care. Whither have you led me?

4th Rob. Where you will be well treated, youngfter. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "ftand" to a traveller.

Wilf. How: among robbers!

4th Rob. Why fo the law's cant calls us gentlemen who live at large.

Wilf. So! For what am I referved!

Arm. Fear nothing. You are fafe in this affylum. Judith, lead him in. See fome of my linen ready, and look to his wound.

Jud. I do not like the office. You are ever at thefe tricks. 'Twill ruin us in the end. What have we to do with charity?

Arm. Turbulent wretch! obey me.

Jud. Well, I fhall. Come, fellow, fince it muft be fo.

Arm. Anon, I'll vifit you myfelf, lad.

Wilf. Heaven blefs you! whate'er becomes of my life—and faith, I am almoft weary on't—I am bound to your charity. Gently, I pray you—my wound pains.—Gently!

[*Exit, led out by* JUDITH.

Arm. I would I knew which of you had done this.

1ft Rob. Why what's the matter, Captain?

Arm. Cruelty is the matter. Had not accident led me to the fpot where he lay, yon poor boy had bled to death. I learn'd his ftory, partly, from him, on the way: and know how bafely he has been handled by one of you. Well, time muft difcover him: for he, who had brutality enough to commit the action, can fcarcely have courage enough to confefs it.

Orf. Courage, Captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What fignify words—I did it.

Arm. I fufpected thee, Orfon. 'Tis fcarce an hour fince he, whom thou haft wounded, quitted the fervice of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the foreft, here; and enquiry will doubtlefs be made.

2d Rob. Nay then we are all difcover'd.

Arm. Now, mark what thou haft done. Thou haft endanger'd the fafety of our party; thou haft

broken my order ('tis not the firſt time, by many) in attacking a paſſenger:—and what paſſenger? One whoſe unhappy caſe ſhould have claim'd thy pity. He told you he had diſpleaſed his maſter —left the houſe of comfort, and, with his ſcanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you ſtruck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languiſh in the foreſt. Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

All. None! None!

Arm. Comrades, in this caſe, my voice is ſingle. But if it have any weight, this brute, this Orſon, ſhall be thruſt from our community, which he has diſgraced. Let it not be ſaid, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantonneſs prompts us to butchery.

Robbers. O brave Captain! away with him!

Orſ. You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

Arm. Raſcal! do you mutter threats. You cannot terrify us. Our calling teems with danger—we are not to be daunted by the treachery of an informer. We defy you. Go. You dare not hurt us. You dare not ſacrifice ſo many brave and gallant fellows, to your revenge, and proclaim yourſelf ſcoundrel. Begone.

Orſ. Well, if I muſt, I muſt. I was always a friend to you all: but if you are bent on turning me out—why—fare you well.

Robbers. Aye, aye — Away, away!

Orſ. Farewell then. [*Exit.*

Arm. Come, comrades—Think no more of this. Let us drown the choler we have felt in wine and revelry.

(*In a future ſcene,* Orson *gains admittance to* Sir Edward Mortimer, *and betrays his comrades.*)

Lottery Vagrant.

Public Office, Bow-ſtreet.

Before N. Bond, and ——— Graham, Eſqrs.

ON Tueſday, September 22, was brought before the above magiſtrates, James Smith and Sarah his wife, charged by Mrs. Deaton, of Wood's Cloſe, with having very ill-treated her, by abuſing her and her ſiſter, and cauſing a mob to aſſemble about her houſe. On the examination it appeared Mrs. Deaton had inſured with Smith in the laſt Engliſh Lottery, and had loſt 140l.; that a balance was remaining due to him of 3l. which was the cauſe of his inſulting her. She ſaid ſhe did not object to paying him, and would have done ſo, had he and his wife not behaved as above ſtated. The magiſtrates were of opinion, as Smith acknowledged the money due to him to be a lottery tranſaction, Mr. Wood, the lottery inſpector, ſhould be ſent for, when the matter was again canvaſſed over; and as Mr. Smith came under the lottery act, as a rogue and a vagabond, he was committed to the Houſe of Correction for three months, and his wife received a very ſevere reprimand from Mr. Bond, who ordered her to find bail for her good behaviour to Mrs. Deaton and her ſiſter in future.

Remarkable Change *of* Fortune *in the Condition of Mrs.* Cornely.

THROUGH all the viciſſitudes of life, none have experienced more changes than the celebrated Madame Cornely, whoſe faſcinating and enchanting entertainments at Carliſle Houſe, attracted the attention of the nobility

bility and perſons of faſhion to her *maſquerades*, where every art which her excellent taſte and fancy could deviſe, was diſplayed to exhilarate the hearts of her gay viſitors. She, alas! little thought, in the *hey day* of life, that at the advanced age of *ninety* years, ſhe ſhould be confined in Newgate for debt, without even a hope of ever being liberated.

This lady, when ſhe was obliged to leave the delightful paradiſe, as it was termed, in Soho-ſquare*, in the year 1785, ſtill continued, though not in ſo exalted a ſituation, to live in a reſpectable ſphere.

She purchaſed a houſe in Knightſbridge, for five hundred pounds, furniſhed it in an elegant manner, for the accommodation of the *younger branches* of the *royal family*, and the *nobility*, whom ſhe ſerved with milk, under the name of *Tereſa Smith*, which appellation ſhe at preſent aſſumes.

There, as in her once more elevated ſituation, ſhe was equally attentive to pleaſe her cuſtomers; muſical inſtruments made a part of the furniture in the apartments, and to thoſe who delighted in reading, books were ſupplied for their amuſement, while the lovers of recreation might entertain themſelves by *promenading* in a garden taſtefully laid out.

The care which ſhe took of the animals who were the means of her ſubſiſtence, attending early in the morning and late in the evening to ſee them fed, gained her great credit with the noble perſonages who had need of the efficacious remedy ſhe ſold: but theſe exertions proved too much for her ſtrength, and finding herſelf drawing near the verge of life, ſhe entruſted her concerns to thoſe, who, either not taking that care, or having their own intereſt in view, ſuffered her to be arreſted for the ſum of 60l. 14s. for the payment of ſilk furniture, &c. to adorn her premiſes.

Thus is this woman, who but a few years back ſhone forth in the greateſt ſplendor, reduced to abject miſery and want, immured within the walls of a priſon, without any companions to comfort her, but thoſe who are indebted themſelves to the humane and benevolent for ſubſiſtence.

* See, in our Magazine for April, p. 53, an Elegy, written by Anthony Paſquin, eſq.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

METHOD *of* BIRD-CATCHING *practiſed in the Vicinity of* LONDON.

IN London and its ſuburbs, are many tradeſmen who, during the months of October and March, get a great deal of money by an ingenious and ſcientific method of bird-catching, which is totally unknown in other parts of Great Britain. The reaſon of this employ being confined to ſo ſmall a compaſs, ariſes from there being no conſiderable ſale for ſinging-birds except in the metropolis.

This method of bird-catching muſt have been long practiſed, as it is brought to a moſt ſyſtematical perfection, and is attended with conſiderable expence.

The nets are a moſt ingenious contrivance of mechaniſm, are generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide; and no one would, on bare inſpection, imagine that a bird (who is ſo very quick in all its motions) could be catched by the nets flapping over each other till he becomes eye-witneſs of the pullers ſeldom failing.

The wild birds fly chiefly during the month of October, and part of thoſe of September and November; the flight in March

 being

being much lefs confiderable than it is at Michaelmas. It is to be noted alfo that the feveral fpecies of thofe birds of flight do not make their appearance at the fame time, but at different periods during the months of September, October, and November; for inftance, the pipit (a fmall lark) begins his flight every year about Michaelmas, when they are caught in the greateft numbers; to this the wood-lark fucceeds, and continues his flight till towards the middle of October; and it is very remarkable, though both thefe fpecies of birds are moft eafily caught during their flight, yet, when that is over, no art can feduce them into the nets. When the wood-lark's fecond flight begins, which is in February, they are as eafily caught as before; the other birds are not quite fo periodical in their flight; the green-finch does not begin his till the froft fets in.

The birds during thofe months fly from day-break to twelve at noon, and there is afterwards a fmall flight from two till night, though this is fo inconfiderable, that the bird-catchers always take up their nets at noon.

The birds during their paffage, always fly againft the wind, (except the chaffinch, which flies acrofs the wind,—that is, if the wind is fouth, it flies from the weft,—if north, from the eaft); hence there is great contention among the bird-catchers who fhall gain the wind, which if (for example) it is wefterly, the bird-catcher who lays his nets moft to the eaft, is fure almoft of catching every thing, if his call-birds are good: a gentle wind to the fouth-weft generally produces the beft fport.

The bird-catcher who hath a proper apparatus for the purpofe, generally carries with him five or fix linnets, (of which more are caught than of any other finging-bird,) two goldfinches, one wood-lark, one red-poll, and perhaps a bull-finch, a yellow-hammer, a tit-lark, and an aberdavine; thefe are placed at fmall diftances from the nets in little cages. He hath, befides, what are called flur-birds, which are placed within the nets, are raifed upon the flur, (a fmall moveable perch,) and gently let down at the time the wild bird approaches them; thefe generally confift of the linnet, the goldfinch, and greenfinch; thefe birds are fecured to the flur by a fort of bandage, formed of fmall filken thread faftened round the bird's body and under the wings, called a brace, a contrivance that fecures the bird without doing any injury to the plumage.

It having been found, that there is a fuperiority and afcendancy between bird and bird, from the one being in fong more than the other, the bird-catchers contrive that their call-birds fhould moult before the ufual time. They therefore, in June or July, put them into a clofe box under two or three folds of blankets, and leave their dung in the cage to raife a greater heat, in which ftate they continue, being perhaps examined only once a week to have frefh water; as for food, the air is fo putrid, that they eat but little during the whole ftate of confinement. When the bird hath thus prematurely moulted, he is in fong whilft the wild birds are out of fong, and his note is louder and more piercing than that of a wild one.

When the bird-catcher hath laid his nets, he difpofes of his call-birds at proper intervals. It muft be owned there is a moft malicious joy in thefe call-birds to

to bring the wild ones into the same state of captivity; which may likewise be observed with regard to decoy-ducks.

Their sight and hearing infinitely exceed that of the bird-catcher. The instant the wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the rest of the call-birds, as it is by the first hound that hits on a scent to the rest of the pack. The call-birds, while the wild birds are at a distance, do not sing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call short jerks, which, when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance; the ascendency is so great, the wild bird, by this call or invitation, is stopped in its course of flight, and if not acquainted with the nets, lights boldly within twenty yards of three or four bird-catchers, on a spot which otherwise it would not have taken the least notice of; nay, it frequently happens, that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and share the same fate; and should only one bird escape, that bird will suffer itself to be pulled at, such a fascinating power have the call-birds. An expert bird-catcher, by this method, has been known to catch twelve or fourteen dozen of linnets and goldfinches in a forenoon.

The FASCINATING POWER *of* SERPENTS.—*From the Second Voyage to* AFRICA, *by M.* F. LE VAILLANT, *in the years* 1783—84—85.

"CASTING my eyes on the trees," says the author, "I perceived a motion in the branches of that which was nearest to us. We presently heard the piercing cries of a butcher-bird, which was struggling in convulsions. Our first idea was, that it lay under the talons of some bird of prey:—but, on surveying it more attentively, we were much surprised to see on the next branch a very large serpent; which, totally immoveable, but prepared to strike, and with enflamed eyes, fixed the poor animal. The bird agitated itself and struggled in a frightful manner, but fear had taken away all its powers; and, as if held by the feet, it seemed to have lost the faculty of flying away. One of us went for a gun: but, before he returned, the bird was dead, and he shot only the serpent. I then caused the distance between the two creatures to be measured, and found that it was three feet and a half; so that all the company were convinced that the bird could not have perished by the bite of the serpent. I plucked the bird in their presence, and made them all remark that it was entire, and had not the least wound.

"A similar adventure had before occurred to me in the canton of Twenty-four Rivers, which I now related to my companions, in order to confirm what they had just seen. One day, as I was shooting in a morass, I heard on a sudden very shrill and painful cries issue from a tuft of reeds. Curious to know the cause, I approached gently, and saw a little mouse which, like the butcher-bird, was in a convulsive agony; and, two paces farther, I perceived a serpent looking intently on it. As soon as the reptile perceived me, he skulked away: but the effect of his presence had already taken place. Having caught the mouse, it expired in my hand, without my being able, on the most

moſt attentive examination, to diſcover the actual cauſe of its death."

This writer then proceeds with a deſcription of the *Kainſi*, a ſpecies of gazelle or antelope; which we likewiſe give place to.

"The kainſi has received from the Dutch its name of *rock-jumper* (*klip-ſpringer*), merely on account of the nimbleneſs with which it bounds from rock to rock; and in fact, of all the gazelle tribe, it is the moſt active. It is the ſize of a roebuck of a year old, and has a coat of a yellowiſh grey: but its hair is ſingular in this reſpect, that, inſtead of being round, ſupple, and ſolid, like that of moſt quadrupeds, it is flat, harſh, and ſo little adherent to the ſkin, that the leaſt friction cauſes it to fall off. Hence nothing is more eaſy than to ſtrip the animal of hair, dead or alive; friction, or even touching the ſkin, is ſufficient for the purpoſe. Often have I endeavoured to preſerve the fur of thoſe which I had killed, without being able to effect it: notwithſtanding all my precautions in ſkinning them, the greateſt part of the hair fell off. Another particularity is the brittleneſs of the hair; which is ſuch that, if a portion be taken between the fingers, and twiſted with the other hand, the hairs break. This property, however, is common to ſeveral quadrupeds which live among rocks.

"This gazelle alſo differs from the other ſpecies in the form of its hoof, which is not pointed like theirs, but rounded at the extremity; and, as it is its cuſtom, in leaping or walking, to pinch with the point of the hoof without bearing on the heel, it leaves a print diſtinguiſhable from thoſe of all the African antelopes. Its fleſh is exquiſite, and much in requeſt, eſpecially among the hunters. The panthers and leopards are equally fond of it. I have heard the Hottentots relate that theſe animals unite to hunt the kainſi; and that, when the latter has taken refuge on the point of ſome ſteep rock, one of them will go below to wait for the prey, while the reſt advance and try to force it to precipitate itſelf. I do not, however, give credit to theſe pretended aſſociations of animals of the tyger kind.

"The chace of the kainſi is very amuſing. It can ſcarcely, indeed, be forced by dogs, from whom it ſoon eſcapes by its inconceivable agility, and gets out of their reach on the point of ſome inſulated rock; on which it remains for hours together, ſafe from all purſuit, and ſuſpended, as it were, over the abyſs.—but in this poſition it ſeems to offer the beſt mark to the ball or the arrow; and if the hunters cannot always eaſily get at it after he has killed it, he may almoſt conſtantly ſhoot it. Many times have I been witneſs of the extreme nimbleneſs of the animal: but one day I ſaw an inſtance of it which aſtoniſhed me. I was hunting one, and from the nature of the place it was ſuddenly ſo preſſed by my dogs, that it ſeemed to have no poſſibility of eſcape. Before it, was an immenſe perpendicular crag which ſtopped it ſhort: but on this wall, which I thought vertical, was a little ledge projecting two inches at moſt, which the kainſi had perceived. He leaped on it, and to my great ſurpriſe held faſt. I thought at leaſt that he would ſoon be precipitated; and my dogs themſelves ſo much expected it, that they ran below to ſeize him when he ſhould fall. I threw ſtones at him to endeavour to make him loſe his balance.

balance. All at once, as if he had divined my intention, he collected all his force, ſprang to my ſide, flew over my head, and then, alighting ſome paces from me, eſcaped like lightning. I might ſtill eaſily have ſhot him, but his leap had ſo ſurpriſed and pleaſed me that I gave him his life. My dogs only were taken in, who, confuſed at his eſcape, did not return to me without a kind of ſhame."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DIRECTIONS *how to ſport with* TIME *in the* MODERN WAY.

MOUNT your horſe in October at peep of day, ride to where the hounds are to throw off, and when they ſtart or unkennel, daſh after a pack of barking dogs, and riſk your limbs and life by leaping over five-barred gates, ſtone walls, wide ditches, and thro' quickſet-hedges, until your horſe and yourſelf are tired almoſt to death; and when the dogs have killed a poor little timid animal, called a hare, or a ſtronger quadruped, named a fox, make the beſt of your way home, beſpattered and bemired, and get drunk.

As November and December are the two months in which little variety is to be met with abroad, the time may be paſſed away at home with reading novels and plays in the day time, and the hours of the night may be devoted to the bottle, or the pleaſures of the card-table. Thus may the months, days, and hours be paſſed over, till Death cloſes the ſcene, and introduces the jovial company into an eternal world, while their children tread in their ſteps, and follow the ſame round of pleaſures, until Death alſo ſummons them to give an account of the diſpoſition of their time and talents.

A BUCK.

ASIATIC THEATRICALS.

Curious ACCOUNT *of a* MALABAR PLAY.

AN officer of rank lately paid a viſit to the Rajah, to be preſent at the marriage of his daughter to the ſon of the Peypenard Rajah, and communicates the following curious account of a Malabar play:

"In the evening the Mopillas retired to their homes, and the Rajah entertained his Nairs with a Malabar play. At this exhibition there were preſent, beſides my people, five or ſix hundred Nair women. It commenced at nine o'clock, and continued until ſix the next morning. The actors were brought from a neighbouring country, and were judged excellent. They were dreſſed in the moſt fantaſtic merry-andrew-like manner. The ſtory, or moral, is repreſented by action, ſcreams, and geſtures, which did not appear to me very impreſſive. A Bramin interpreted to me. Different characters of both ſexes were introduced, and the intention of the piece was to exalt the character of the Bramins, making many alluſions to the unfortunate condition of their country, and the infernal diſpoſition of their late perſecutors, who are exhibited in the form of devils. Theſe infernals ſwear to deſtroy the world, and to put to death, in the firſt place, all the Bramins. They ſally forth on this deſign, and commit many murders, and at laſt meet a Bramin, againſt whom they advance

vance quite furious. The Bramin, in deep meditation, continues his devotion without regarding them, which ſtrikes them with reverence, and they proſtrate themſelves on the ground. The Bramin, full of benignity, diſmiſſes them with an exhortation and his bleſſing. The furies ſoon return to their former courſes, and are repeatedly forgiven; but the Bramin, perceiving the inſincerity of their repentance, obtains their deſtruction from Bramah.

"The repreſentation conſiſts of a variety of ſeparate ſtories, one of which particularly engaged my attention.

"A god marries two young and beautiful wives; they appear on each ſide of him, full of modeſty and reſerve; he pays them the moſt aſſiduous love, which they return with affection, and without any appearance of jealouſy or uneaſineſs. He dances with them night and day; but at laſt a little repoſe becomes neceſſary, and he retires, leaving his wives embracing each other. This apparent cordiality does not laſt long, and the god is hardly aſleep before the rivals begin a fierce battle. The combatants awaken the god, and his preſence reſtores order; but he is ſoon ſenſible that it is impoſſible to preſerve peace between two wives. In his diſtreſs he applies to his ſuperior Bramah, who adviſes him to keep one always aſleep, which would give him the variety of two without the anxiety. This experiment does not ſucceed. The waking goddeſs torments him with her jealouſy, and he is obliged to watch that ſhe may not ſtrangle her ſleeping rival. In ſhort, convinced that he is unable to manage two wives, he ſurrenders them both to a greater god.

"The Nair women appeared at this entertainment, and mingled with their male friends and relations with an agreeable freedom.

"The performance was accompanied by the country muſic, vocal and Inſtrumental."

French Theatre.

The Canon of Milan; or, the Unforeſeen Supper.

Theatre de la Republique.

"We do not," ſays the *Decade Philoſophique*, "laugh enough. Our comrades are no longer comic; this complaint has been long urged. Authors have been told to make us laugh; and yet, when they diſplay a natural and frank gaiety and humour, our delicacy is ſhocked, and we hiſs as if we were afraid of compromiſing ourſelves by laughing. Beaumarchais ſo original and ſo pleaſant, heard his Barber of Seville hiſſed; and his Follies of a Day occaſioned his impriſonment. Great encouragement this to ſacrifice to the pleaſures of the public. It is not too much to advance that even Regnard and Moliere would not ſucceed now. What would the boxes and even the pit ſay, if at a firſt repreſentation an audience was ſhewn M. Jourdain learning the pronunciation of the five vowels: or Armande and Henriettee diſcuſſing ſo gravely the moral and phyſical operation of love. An author muſt poſſeſs much courage to dare to be pleaſant now. This courage, the Citizen Duval poſſeſſes, and his Canon of Milan ſucceeded at the *Theatre de la Republique*, on the 24th *Fructidor*, (Sept. 10.)

The ſtory is as follows:

The canon had invited to his houſe, near Milan, two canons, a ſilly fellow of a nephew, Benetto and Celenia, the pretended miſtreſs of the nephew. The canon is

is not yet returned home. The *Gouvernante* has prepared an excellent supper, and is gone down to the cellar for wine. While she is there, a French officer and a hussar, finding the door open, enter and seat themselves by the fire. They call about them, and the *Gouvernante* answering from the cellar, takes them for the two canons who had been invited; she desires them to make themselves comfortable, to take off their canonical habits, and to warm themselves by the fire.

The two soldiers do as they are bid; the *Gouvernante* enters. What, gentlemen, are you of the number of guests whom we expect—has the canon invited you? Certainly. They sit down. The canon now returns. Two soldiers! Two Frenchmen! He is in a paroxysm of rage. Firmin and Sans Quartier, the names of the soldiers, request to be admitted to his table, and to rest from their fatigue. The priest will not suffer them—he will permit them to take towns, to pass rivers, to force citadels, but not to eat the supper of a canon. He bids them get out of his house. The soldiers grow warm, and the canon, in a rage, goes out to make a complaint to the French eneral, who is at a small distance from the village.

The soldiers wish not to lose their time, and as the enemy has abandoned the post, they take possession of the provisions. Sans Quartier recognises his cousin in the servant, and she does the honours of the house. Benetto however, with Celenia come to supper, and Firmin discovers in Celenia a young Italian whom he is courting. The guests seat themselves at table. Benetto puts himself in an ill humour, and is punished for it. They dress him in a cotton night-cap, with a cook's apron, and instead of supping, he performs the office of butler, and hands the cups to the guests to drink success to their amours.

This excited the mirth of the guests, and despondency in the breast of Benetto. At length the French general was introduced by the canon, but what advantage was that to the canon? His supper was eaten, the young military gentleman is reprimanded, the canon is upbraided for his severity and inhumanity, and all agree that he deserved a little of what happened to him.

Such is the plot of this little piece. It has accomplished the object of the writer: it has produced laughter. Any other eulogium would be too grave for such an effusion of drollery. Ample justice is done to the piece by Michaud, who acted the part of the canon with all the originality which belongs to him; by Dugazon, who performed that of the *Hussar sans quartier*, and by Baptiste, who discovered, in the part of the Fool, the same talents by which he is generally distinguished.

THE FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

An *incurable punster* remarks it as a whimsical circumstance, that the soldiers of the guards, who were lately taken up on suspicion of stealing the key and chain of the Chelsea *Water-Works*, belong to the *Coldstream* regiment.

WAYS AND MEANS.—A LITERARY FACT.

A labouring man, in Salford, has a wife, who, like some of her sex, is rather fond of a drop of the *good creature*, but withal very indus-

induſtrious, having ſacrificed rather freely to the *jolly god*, a few days ſince, was under the neceſſity of pawning her huſband's clean ſhirt:—it being wanted on Sunday morning to change poor Hodge's linen, ſhe was much diſtreſſed how to get it back; when ſhe was ſuddenly ſtruck with the ſingular idea of depoſiting in the *iron gripe* of the pawn-broker, *a leg of mutton*, intended for the Sunday's dinner—accordingly the *leg walk'd off* to the broker's, and proved a good *ſhift* to redeem the *ſhirt*. Dinner-hour approaching, ſhe was once more in a dilemma, and the mutton being thus in *durance*, it would have puzzled Mr. Pitt himſelf to get out of it. Honeſt Nell, however, with an imagination as fertile as may be, inſtantly waſhed Hodge's dirty ſhirt, dried and ironed it, away ſhe ran to the pawn-broker's, paid the intereſt, left the ſhirt for the mutton, and had it ſmoaking hot on the table by noon!

IRISH SANG FROID.

When Death to Pat's wife a full QUIETUS gave,
And her friends were conducting her off to the grave,
Pat, as if ſome deep thoughts were employing his mind,
Lagg'd far in the rear, nor the PILLILUE join'd;
When inwardly griev'd thus to ſee him alone,
A friend touch'd his elbow, and whiſper'd "Come on;"
"Blood and ounds," reply'd he, "I am taking my leiſure,
"While you are all making a TOIL of a PLEASURE"

GREGORY DOMINIC.

ANECDOTE CHARACTERISTIC OF A BRITISH SAILOR.

A few days ſince, at Liverpool, a ſailor, lately arrived in the Jamaica fleet, applied to a clergyman for a licence, having, as he ſaid, determined to be married the following morning. Being aſked the name of the lady, he declared he could not tell, as he knew nothing more of her, than that ſhe was called *Molly*, and lived at *Edgehill.*

ANECDOTE.

When Voltaire's tragedy of Mahomet was firſt brought on the Paris ſtage, one of the king's phyſician's, meeting the poet in a private company, remarked, that the exiſtence of Alcanor, after his death wound, was rather protracted—He contended, in a long argument, that it was phyſically impoſſible for him ſo long to ſurvive a wound, ſuch as it was there deſcribed. "True," replied Voltaire, rather drily, "but you are to recollect, my dear ſir, that he is not attended by a *phyſician!*"

The converſation turning, one night, at the club in Eſſex-ſtreet, on the injury our language ſuſtained by the abbreviations made by the poets, Dr. Burney was obſerving, that he knew a lady of literature, who was in ſome inſtances in the contrary extreme, and often added a letter too much, particularly in all words ending in *e*, as agreeable*e*, infallible*e*, &c. &c. "Why did ſhe take ſuch unneceſſary trouble?" ſays one of the company. "Nay, ſir," ſays Johnſon, "it could be no trouble to her; on the contrary, ſhe appears to be very much at her *e e's.*"

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

~~DURING last month, Mr.~~ Edward Stevens, a noted jockey ~~of this place~~, made a bet

with a sporting gentleman of great celebrity in the annals of New-market, that he would produce a pair of horses from his own stud, who should trot in a tandem from Windsor to Hampton Court, a distance of 16 miles, within the hour. The day was fixed for the 5th of this month, when they performed the journey with great ease in 57 minutes and 13 seconds. They were driven by Mr. James Stevens, brother to the owner, who by his excellent management was the chief cause of their being so little distressed by the exertion. The leader is a horse got by Goldfinder, his dam a famous mare of Sir F. Poole's. The other, a mare born and bred in the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest. They have long been celebrated in this vicinity for their superior style and swiftness of trotting. The pair are estimated to be worth 100 guineas.—Very high bets were depending on their late match, and the knowing-ones in general taken in.

Your's, &c.

Windsor, AURIGA.
Oct. 15, 1796.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The HOUNDS. *An Allegory.*

A Huntsman was leading forth his hounds, one morning, to the chace, and had linked several of the young dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting in a disorderly manner, as their own inclination and fancy should direct them. Among others, it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and inexperienced, but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to have entertained a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together, and in any quarrel that happened, always took one another's part; it might have been expected, therefore, that it would not be disagreeable to them to be still closer united. However, in fact, it proved otherwise; they had not been long joined together, before both parties began to express uneasiness at their present situation. Different inclinations and opposite wills began to discover and exert themselves; if one chose to go this way, the other was eager to take the contrary; if one was pressing to go forward, the other was sure to lag behind—Vixen pulled back Jowler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen,—Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler. At last it came to a downright quarrel between them; and Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough and ungenerous manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex. As they were thus continually vexing and tormenting one another, an old hound who had observed all that passed, came up to them, and thus reproved them: "What a couple of silly puppies you are, to be thus perpetually worrying one another at this rate! What hinders your going on peaceably and quietly together? Cannot you compromise the matter between you, by each consulting the other's inclination a little? At least try to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to what you cannot remedy; you cannot get rid of the chain, but you may make it sit easy upon you. I am an old dog, and let my age and experience instruct you. When I was in the same circumstances with you, I soon found the thwart-

 ing

ing my companion was only tormenting myself; and my yoke-fellow came into the same way of thinking. We endeavoured to join in the same pursuits, and to follow one another's inclination; and so we jogged on together, not only with ease and quiet, but with comfort and pleasure. We found by experience, that mutual compliance not only compensates for liberty, but is even attended with a satisfaction and delight beyond what liberty itself can give."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE *unknown in the* HAWKING WORLD.

(Communicated by Col. Thornton.)

"A Small owl, used for the decoying of small birds, and bred in Germany in churches, and that has been in my possession for these four years, (an extraordinary thing, for they rarely live above one or two,) was considered to be a male; but this spring it layed three eggs, in every respect to outward appearance perfect, and nearly the size of a pigeon's egg, which is an astonishing size, as this sort of owl is about the size of a miseltoe thrush; its egg, therefore, is in proportion nearly the same as that of a snipe, who, unless the sea birds, as the hawk, lays the largest egg for its size we know of.

"A singular shot was made last month in the warren at Thornville Royal:—Col. Possell shot at a rabbit and a foilmart, which were fighting, and killed both.

"THO. THORNTON.

"*Leeds, Oct.* 1, 1796."

FEMALE ATTACHMENT *to the* CHACE.

THE following singular instance of a girl's attachment to the chace, is well worthy of remark:—This girl, who lives at Glynde; about three miles from Lewes in Sussex, is named *Wisdom*, and about twelve years of age. She has often gone out with the Glynde hounds, in a morning, and regardless of weather or sustenance, pursued the day's chace, sometimes to the distance of 20 miles, and has frequently been in at the death, with other foot people, to the no small diversion of the gentlemen present. One day, in contending for the honours of the field, to use her own words, she insisted she was in third *man*. After her return home in the evening, she will sit down, and recount to her friends the several circumstances of the day's chace, with as much glee and satisfaction as the keenest sportsman.

A COCKING EPISTLE.

To the HEDITURS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GEMMEN,

I Am a man of *larning*, *those* I be fond of cockfighting and *pugelism*, and *coarsing*, *and all that*. I am one of the knowing-ones, and *knows* how to deal—I defy any one in my *compacity* to *do me*. He that *does me*, has but one more to *do*, d—n me; you must know as how I am hand and glove with a noble duke, and we *eats* and *drinks* and *gets drunk* together with all *familarity* in life.—All his cocks *walks* in my garden, and I *feeds* for him,—but I *takes* care to make him pay for it—mum for that—but for the *matter of that* he bleeds freely *enuff*—If all our noble

noblemen were as *harty cocks* as he is, we *shude* have *other guess doings* than what we have—I'll lay the long odds we should have no taxes upon gin, brandy and *backer*, nor any of the whole *kit* of such necessaries of life, if my duke was to *rule the roast*. But *howsomdever* we must submit.

So no more at present from
Yure humble *servunt*,
Cock-hill, SAM STAG.
Oct. 17, 1796.

N. B. Pray put this letter into yure book.

MODE *of* WRESTLING *among the* NORTHERN INDIANS.

IN former Numbers, as well as in the present, we have with pleasure noticed Mr. Hearne's Journey to the Northern Ocean. There is much matter in many parts of it, highly deserving our attention; and from among which we have extracted the following very interesting article, describing the Mode of Wrestling among the Northern Indians:

"IT is a custom among these Northern Indians," says Mr. H. "for the men to wrestle for any woman to whom they are attached; and, of course, the strongest party always carries off the prize. A weak man, unless he be a good hunter, and well beloved, is seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice; for at any time when the wives of those strong wrestlers are heavy laden, either with furs or provisions, they do not hesitate in tearing any other man's wife from his bosom, and making her bear a part of his luggage. This custom prevails throughout all their tribes, and causes a great spirit of emulation among their youth, who, from their childhood, are upon all occasions trying their strength and skill in wrestling. This enables them to protect their property, particularly their wives, from the hands of those powerful ravishers, some of whom make almost a livelihood by taking what they please from the weaker parties, without making them any return. Indeed it is represented as an act of great generosity, if they condescend to make an unequal exchange, as in general abuse and insult are the only return for the loss which is sustained.

"The way in which they tear the women, and other property, from one another, though it has the appearance of the greatest brutality, can scarely be called fighting. I never knew any of them receive the least hurt in these rencontres. The whole business consists in hauling each other about by the hair of the head: they are seldom known either to beat or kick each other. It is not uncommon for one of them to cut off his hair, and to *grease* his ears, before the contest begins. This, however, is done privately, and it is sometimes truly laughable to see one of the parties strutting about with an air of great importance, and calling out, "Where is he? Why does he not come out?" when the other will bolt out with a clean-shorn head and *greased ears*, rush on his antagonist, seize him by the hair, and though perhaps a much weaker man, soon drag him to the ground, while the stronger is not able to lay hold on him. It is very frequent on those occasions for each party to have spies, to watch the other's motions, which puts them more on a footing of equality. For want of hair to pull, they seize each other about the waist, with legs wide extended,

extended, and try their strength, by endeavouring to vie who can first throw the other down.

"On these wrestling occasions, the standers-by never attempt to interfere in the contest. Even one brother offers not to assist another, unless it be with advice, which, as it is always delivered openly on the field during the contest, may in fact be said to be equally favourable to both parties. It sometimes happens that one of the wrestlers is superior in strength to the other, and if a woman be the cause of the contest, the weaker is frequently unwilling to yield, notwithstanding he is greatly overpowered. When this happens to be the case, the relations or bye-standers will sometimes join to persuade the weaker combatant to give up the contest, lest, by continuing it, he should get bruised and hurt without the least probability of being able to protect what he is contending for. I observed that very few of those people were dissatisfied with the wives that had fallen to their lot; for, when any considerable number of them were in company, scarcely a day passed without some overtures being made for contests of this kind; and it was often very unpleasant to me, to see the objects of the contest sitting in pensive silence watching her fate, while her husband and his rival were contending for the prize. I have indeed not only felt pity for those poor wretched victims, but the utmost indignation, when I have seen them won, perhaps, by a man whom they mortally hated. On these occasions, their grief and reluctance to follow their new lord have been so great, that the business often ended in the greatest brutality; for, in the struggle, I have seen the poor girls stripped quite naked, and carried by main force to their new lodgings. At other times it was pleasant enough to see a fine girl led off the field from a husband she disliked, with a tear in one eye, and a finger on the other; for custom, or delicacy if you please, has taught them to think it necessary to whimper a little, let the change be ever so much to their inclination. I have, throughout this account, given the women the appellation of girls, which is pretty applicable, as the objects of the contest are generally young and without any family.

"Notwithstanding the Northern Indians are so covetous, and pay so little regard to private property as to take every advantage of bodily strength to rob their neighbours, not only of their goods, but of their wives, yet they are in other respects the mildest tribe or nation that is to be found on the borders of Hudson's Bay; for let their affronts or losses be ever so great, they will never seek any other revenge than that of wrestling."

Dibdin's New Sans Souci.

EVERY man who loves music when confined to its natural constituent parts, melody, and harmony, and the effects that a happy use of both can produce without torturing the ear with complicated and difficult parts and passages that may shew the composer's skill, but cannot gratify the general sense, however much they may do credit to the execution of those who can sing to them correctly, or are able to play them with ease and adroitness, must take an interest in Dibdin's annual entertainments; and even those who pretend to little acquaintance

quaintance with musical science, but relish that which but for him would become obsolete, the species of ballad song, peculiar to this country, that equally partakes of humour, pathos, character and good sense, cannot be indifferent to his productions which, in consonancy to the name of this entertainment, are calculated to dispel care, and enliven the dulness of a winter evening.

On Saturday evening, October 8, a new and more commodious situation for Sans Souci was opened in Leicester Place, Leicester Fields; and when it is recollected, that the scite of ground presented a prospect of what the the owner of the soil might term an *hiatus valde deflendus*, at Midsummer, it should seem as if Mr. Dibdin had recourse to a magician's wand to conjure up the neat, convenient, and tasteful receptacle for those who honour him with their company for the period that he performs, that now stands in the place before stated. It has hitherto excited general surprise that the same man who wrote such songs as Poor Jack, Let us all be unhappy together, and the Tobacco Box, could set them to music, and sing them in public, playing to them at the same time with superior skill; but he this season has ventured to go a step farther, and by disposing a number of pictures of his own painting, so as to lend a grace and ornament to his place of entertainment, has challenged the public opinion of his talents as an artist, in a line of science that those only who know his varied application and industry when off the stage, had an idea he had ever meddled with. The pictures speak for themselves, and manifest mind in the design, and ability in the execution.

The new entertainment called *The General Election*, is a medley of merriment of an unequal nature. It is often lively, sometimes dull. The stories are a few of them stale, many of them new, and full of point; and in the course of what would be called the dialogue, if one person did not deliver the whole of it, repeated occasions are afforded for broad laughter at a happy hit and a fortunate stroke of wit and ridicule. The songs have not all the same merit, but several of them are excellent; the two best infinitely are Meg of Wapping, and the Song of Songs, in the latter of which Mr. Dibdin gives a lively presentation of the ludicrous effect of a mixed company, with different voices, different manners, and different tastes, contributing to the hilarity of the evening, by each favouring the company with a song after supper.

Paris Fashions.

(Translated from a French Journal.)

"I Leave my brother journalists to govern France and to give counsels to Europe, in order to fix my attention for a moment on the fugitive institutions of fashion.

"I went one night lately to the Opera, when the ballet of Psyche was performed: the crowd there is always immense. The French are more steadily devoted to their Opera than to their government; it is a fifth element which seems to enter into the composition of our nature; and when I am in one of these brilliant assemblies, I am tempted to think that the world will never end but in an *entrechat* or a note of music.

"In

"In going from the Opera I was carried by the crowd to Gorchy's. Ye who have ſpent the day in mourning over the public misfortunes, come in the evening to regale yourſelves with the ſight of luxury and proſperity! It is here that grief is not known, and that there reigns a perpetual ſmile —that they take an ice, on hearing of the death of 10,000 Frenchmen—and that a charming world ſurrenders itſelf to joy without thinking of the revolution.—Like an inhabitant of the plains of Ætna, it reſigns itſelf to ſweet ſecurity, careleſs of the volcano which thunders over his head, and threatens to conſume his flocks.

"It is the temple of Gnidus. All the amiable women croud thither, to diſpute the palm of elegance and beauty. The charming D—— firſt caught my eye: a mantle of black lace was thrown negligently round her, like the leaves of a weeping willow. She wore a grey robe which ſeemed to borrow its ſhades from the colour that is conſecrated to mourning, and which ought always to be conſecrated by faſhion till the end of a revolution. A chapeau covered one of the fineſt heads in the world, if we can judge from what her head-dreſs ſuffered us to ſee. This chapeau is of a ſingular ſhape; it is in the form of Clorinda's helmet; the lower part of the chapeau is of crape, but the crape is either azure blue or pink, ſo that it has nothing gloomy in it.

NEW PERFORMERS *at* COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. CHARLES MURRAY,

Saturday, Oct. 1.

THE Merchant of Venice, and the Poor Soldier were laſt night performed at this theatre, for the purpoſe of introducing Mr. MURRAY on the London ſtage.

This Gentleman comes before the public in no "queſtionable ſhape." He has been for ſome years without a competitor in many diſtinguiſhed walks of tragedy and comedy at Bath, and had previouſly fought many ſucceſsful campaigns in the York and Norwich companies, It is, however, our duty to give him "welcome as a ſtranger," but at the ſame time to review his performances of laſt night without any retroſpect to his provincial reputation, of which, as well as of his family connexions, we ſhall ſpeak hereafter.

It is not eaſy to aſſociate on a firſt recollection, two parts more completely diſtinct than old *Shylock* and *Bagatelle*, yet it would be but a poor compliment to Mr. Murray to ſay, that he played them well. The knowledge which he diſplayed of our immortal bard was highly honourable to his diſcrimination, and without introducing any of the *variæ lectiones* of our modern commentators, which have been but too frequently uſed to puzzle the learned, and confound the groundlings, he boldly reverted to the original text, and found there moſt ample ground to give the "motive and the cue for paſſion."

This Gentleman's figure, countenance, and action, are very well adapted to the character of *Shylock*, but voice is the only ingredient ſtill wanting to be thrown into the poiſoned chalice of the Jew. We do not mean a general defect of voice, but that peculiar kind ſo neceſſary to give effect to the part. This remark may, however proceed from former impreſſions, for whoever has had the happineſs of hearing Macklin in Shylock, cannot

cannot easily divest himself of the recollection of those tones which seemed to give vigour even to the language of Shakspeare, and transferred for a moment to the bosoms of the audience that thirst of vengeance against the Jew which should have only found a refuge in his inexorable spirit.

The dialogue was delivered in a natural manner. In the assumed merriment of naming the penalty, Mr. Murray was peculiarly happy, and the succeeding bursts of passion after the discovery of *Jessica's* flight, were admirably pourtrayed. He was rather too violent in some parts of the Senate scene, but from the various proofs of sound judgment which he gave throughout, we are inclined to think that this arose from an idea that a greater theatre than the one in which he had been accustomed to perform, required greater exertion.

Mr. Murray has unquestionably established his reputation as a good actor, by his representation of Shylock; yet our opinion of his talents must be very erroneous, or he will hereafter give at least equal satisfaction in characters perfectly dissimilar.

Dumont, *Evander*, *Sciolto* and even *Lear* would, we think, find new attractions in his possession. For amid all savage and vindictive traits which characterize the Jew, we were occasionally struck with a tenderness of tone, and an interesting appeal to the passions, which must distinguish him in that walk.

Bagatelle is at best but a *trifle*, and so Mr. Murray seemed to consider it. The part was rather played with than played; but it was so well played with, that O'Keefe himself could not have found fault with it. Mr. Murray introduced a song written by himself for the occasion; but as he laboured under a hoarseness from his exertions in the play, it did not go off with very great effect.

Mr. Charles Murray, is the son of Sir John Murray, Bart. of Broughton, and who in the rebellion of 1745, took an active part as Secretary to the Pretender; and was afterwards arraigned for high treason, but to whom the mercy of government was extended.

After these unhappy tumults had subsided, Sir John spent the remainder of his days peaceably and penitently, at Cheshunt, near London, (where the subject of these lines was born in the year 1754); he is reported to have been a man of a very comprehensive mind, exquisite sensibility, and with much erudition. Charles received an excellent classical education, under the immediate eye of his father, and was, at a proper age, sent into France to perfect himself in that language, which he speaks with the correctness and fluency of a native.

He was afterwards placed under a medical gentleman in London, where he remained long enough to acquire some smattering of pharmacy, and such an idea of surgery, as rendered him capable of undertaking the situation of a surgeon's mate in the sea service. How long he remained in that capacity, we have not learned, but he certainly went several voyages up the Mediterranean, being some time stationed in the Archipelago. His memory is stored with many interesting circumstances of that period of his life, particularly of some perilous adventures which he had at Smyrna, which in hours of conviviality he has often related, in a manner that highly interested and astonished his friends.

In the year 1773, Mr. Murray quitted the sea service, and turned his thoughts to the stage. Mr. Younger, formerly Manager at Liverpool, sent him down to Mr. Wilkinson of York, with strong recommendations, as a young man who had never played, but who had considerable promise about him. For family reasons, he transposed the syllables of his name; and Mr. Ray-mur made his first appearance at York, April 21, 1773, in the character of Carlos, in the Fop's Fortune, which, to use a stage term, is *full twenty lengths*, difficult and cramp study. It is averred, that he had never read the play, nor seen it, until it was given to him three days previous to the performance: and he actually played it literally perfect, and was esteemed a good actor from that night. The aptness of his study and his retention soon made him a useful performer. and his application to his profession was so great, that there was scarce a tragedy, comedy, or farce, in which young Raymur did not play a principal character.

During his stay with the York company, he became a very deserved favourite, on and off the stage; but being at Wakefield, in November, 1776, he received an insult at a tavern, aimed chiefly at his profession, which he resented with a becoming spirit, conscious that he was not the aggressor. The succeeding play-night, a party was formed to shut up the theatre, unless Raymur came forward and made a public concession; but refusing to degrade himself or his profession, he quitted the company, which Mr. Wilkinson, and the audiences of every theatre then in his circuit, had long cause to regret.

His next station was at Norwich, where he resumed his own name, and where he played many years with such increasing reputation, as induced the Bath manager to offer him very liberal terms at that theatre. They were accepted by Mr. Murray, who made his first appearance there in the autumn of 1785.

Mr. Murray's abilities as an actor, and his general conduct, rendered him a very great favourite in the circles of Bath and Bristol; he was heard with applause and attention on the stage, respected in private, and his benefits were always crowded.

His merits are now before a superior Tribunal, and it would be impertinent in us to point out in what line of acting he chiefly excels. Should he not be deemed equal to the first-rate heroes of tragedy by a London audience, we will presume to say, that in characters which require the feelings of a father, or the respectable appearance of a gentleman, Mr. Murray will please the most fastidious critic. The sentiments of Mortimer, Stockwell, Sir Charles Raymond, Gray, and characters of that cast, "come mended from his lips."

Mr. Murray has a very large family to whom he pays the strictest attention, and is a most indulgent father; nor is his regard inferior to some children of Mrs. Murray's by a former marriage. He is just and exemplary in all his dealings: his demeanor in private life is truly commendable, and his conduct behind the scenes secure him the affection of every individual. — Of all the men who have so long been held in public admiration, Charles Murray is the most humble, being destitute of every particle of pride, vanity, and affectation.

THE

Friday, October 14.

The tragedy of Mahomet was revived this evening, in which Miſs Allingham and Mr. Hargrave made their firſt appearance.

It is ſo natural to the theatrical ambition of youth to chuſe tragedy for its debut, that we are prepared to ſee a hero or a heroine in every male or female who preſent themſelves to an admiring audience; and thus ſtudying tragedy in the cloſet, they acquire its lofty and inflated tone; its high and vehement expreſſion, its forced and ſtriking attitudes; and thus the early ſtudies of every tragedian neceſſarily become toils in which the mind is bewildered; and from which it afterwards requires ſtrong judgment or a ſkilful maſter to extricate it: in many caſes half their future lives have been employed in correcting the errors of their outſet: for the natural ſimplicity of the voice is ſacrificed to emphaſis; the eaſy deportment of the limbs overſtrained by action; to ſtart, to glare, to ſwell the voice beyond its pitch, and to loſe ſenſe for ſound is paſſion, and paſſion is the idol of their worſhip. The great end of ſpeech, to convey meaning by words, is totally overlooked, and it is not until they quit the buſkin that they are convinced of the uſeful truth, that to articulate is their firſt duty. We do not know whether it is a new obſervation, but we do not find one good tragedian who did not become ſo through the inſtructive moderation which he acquired from comedy. Miſs Allingham will not take theſe obſervations as addreſſed to her particularly. "They're Knights of the Shire, and repreſent them all." We throw them out now, becauſe we ſee ſo much to praiſe in her talents, that we ſtrive to account for the errors by which their effect is leſſened, and to cheriſh the hope that they will be ſoon overcome. To a character in which there are few touches of genuine feeling, and which no powers, however cultivated, could make truly intereſting, ſhe has given her early attention; its rant and declamation were traps for inexperience; and if ſhe occaſionally ſprung from the *foot-path* to take a ſhort excurſion upon the *wing*, we muſt remember that the muſe had her *flight* as well as the actreſs. When ſhe ſpoke with the plain and familiar tone of nature, we found her voice flexible and ſweet, capable of all the charms and modulation, and though not ſtrong, yet muſical and impreſſive. The management of her figure was not always graceful; but this, like her higher tones, was that exaggeration of acting of which we complain, and which we truſt her good ſenſe will immediately correct. With the accompliſhments which ſhe evidently poſſeſſes ſhe ought to make a valuable performer, and we have confidence in her judgment that ſhe will cultivate her powers.

The pretenſions of the other new performer are ſo various and mixed—his talents are ſo contradictory and ſo whimſical, that we know not how to treat him He has a voice the moſt captivating—there is nothing of which this exquiſite organ is not capable. It unites all the powers of *Stentor* with the muſic of *Circe*; but he inceſſantly

" —gives the word of promiſe to the ear
" And breaks it to the heart."

We find that it is a very untutored performance on a moſt pe-

fect instrument. After rousing the finest emotions of the soul, with a sentence of the most powerful cadence, in the very next, he subsides into langour, or starts into shrillness. He recalled to our memory the lamented Mrs. Crawford, who after giving to the theatre a stroke of electricity, with her—"Was he alive?"—sunk into the most vapid inanity in the following scene. So in Mr. Hargrave, though there is no even tenor of acting—no Siddonian maintenance of the impression once made, yet he at times harrows the heart, and proves that he has requisites for the stage that are invaluable. His lowest note fills the Theatre. He requires no straining of his voice, no scream, no bellowing to reach the ear of the highest god or goddess in the house; it is as musical as it is clear, and, therefore, with the modulation which proceeds from judgment, there is nothing in the histrionic art, which he may not atchieve. Thus, in a fortunate moment he last night proved his powers: his description of the murder was truly impressive, and this alone compensated for all the faults which he committed. We think that those faults are rather of the ear than of the judgment; and we know that a defective ear, however pride and ignorance may question the doctrine, is to be corrected, and melody of speech to be acquired even by the man who cannot distinguish the gradations of a tune.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

AMONG the miscellaneous articles of your invaluable analysis, hitherto from my correspondence, having blended the recreative of domestic with sporting evolutions, together with anecdotes historical and enterprizing, I venture to transmit you, from among the literary antiquities of England, Eskdale Chapel, in Yorkshire, (justly deserving to be classed with your former insertion of "The Origin of Bull Running, from the Custom of the Manor of Tetbury);" not indeed on account of the building itself, but the cause of its erection from boar hunting, which occasioned one of the most extraordinary penances ever enjoined, and which continues to be annually performed to this day. The story is thus faithfully recorded at Whitby, and is at your service, with other incidental occurrences, which in future may meet the observation of

Your's, &c.

Amblefide, Westmorice.
Oct. 10, 1796.

A true Account of the Murder of a Monk of Witby, *by* William de Bruce, *Lord of Ugglebarnby;* Ralph *de* Percy, *Lord of Sneaton; and* Allatson, *a Freeholder. With the Monk's Penance laid upon them, to be performed on Ascension Eve every Year, otherwise to forfeit their Lands to the Abbot of Whitby.*

"IN the fifth year of the reign of Henry the Second, after the conquest of England by William Duke of Normandy, the lord of Ugglebarnby, the ncalled William de Bruce; the lord of Sneaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder, called Allatson; did on the 16th day of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or desert place belonging to the Abbot of Whitby, the name Eskdaleside, and the abbot's

bot's name was Sedman. The gentlemen being met with their hounds and boarſtaves, found an huge wild boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eſkdaleſide, where was a monk of Whitby, who was a hermit. The boar being ſorely purſued, and dead run, took in at the chapel door, laid him down and died. The hermit ſhut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himſelf at his meditation and prayers, whilſt the hounds continued ſtanding at bay without, until the gentlemen came up, calling on the hermit, who came out, and the hounds ruſhed in, found the boar dead; for which the gentlemen in vehement rage, becauſe the hounds were ſhut from their game, did moſt cruelly run at the hermit with their boarſtaves, whereby he ſoon after died. The gentlemen well knowing thereupon that they were in peril of death, took ſanctuary at Scarborough; but at that time the abbot being in great favour with the king, removed them out of their ſanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged—the ſeverity of that law was death for death. But the hermit being an holy and devout man, and at that time at the point of dying, ſent humanely for the abbot, and deſired him to call forth the gentlemen that had wounded him. The abbot did ſo, and the culprits appearing, the hermit being ſick and weak, ſaid unto them "I am ſure to die of theſe wounds you have thus wantonly given me." The abbot replied "they ſhall as ſurely die for the ſame." But the hermit anſwered, "not ſo, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I will lay on them for the ſafeguard of their ſouls." The gentlemen requeſted him to ſave their lives. "Then, proceeded the hermit, you and yours ſhall hold your lands of the abbot and his ſucceſſors, in this manner and cuſtomary ſuit and ſervice, that upon Aſcenſion Day, you, or ſome of you, ſhall come to the wood of the Strayheads, which is in Eſkdaleſide, the ſame day at ſun-riſing, and there ſhall be the abbot's officer to blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him, and he ſhall deliver unto you William de Bruce ten ſtakes, and eleven yethers to be cut by you, or ſome for you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, ſhall take twenty-one of each ſort to be cut in the ſame manner; and you, Allatſon, ſhall take nine of each ſort, to be cut as aforeſaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the ſame day before mentioned; and which ſaid morning hour of nine, if it prove full ſea, your labour and ſervice ſhall ceaſe; and if it ſhall be low water, each of you ſhall ſet your ſtakes to the brim, each ſtake one yard placed from the other, and ſo yether them on each ſide with your yethers, and ſo ſtake on each ſide with your ſtout ſtowers, that they may ſtand three tides without removing by the force thereof; each of you ſhall do, make, and execute the ſaid ſervice at that very hour every year, except it be full ſea at that hour, but when it ſhall ſo fall out, this ſervice ſhall ceaſe. You ſhall faithfully do this in remembrance that you did moſt cruelly

cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdaleside shall blow 'out on you, out on you, out on you,' for this heinous crime. If you or your successors shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service; and I request of you to promise by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors as is aforesaid enjoined, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man." Then the hermit said, "my soul longeth for the Lord, and I do as freely forgive these men my death as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross." And in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words — "In manus tuas, Domino commendo spirituum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me Domine veritatis. Amen." So he yielded up the ghost, the eighth day of December, Anno Domini, 1159.

This service still continues to be performed with the pescribed ceremonies, although not by the proprietor in person; part of the lands therewith charged are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert, till within twenty-five years they belonged to a descendant of Allatson. Tradition supported by an uninterrupted performance of this whimsical penance should seem good authority for the truth of this story, as well as the strange origin for customs of tenures and manors.

Sir John *and* Lady Jostle.

A correspondent gives the following as a Sporting fact, upon which however we shall take the liberty to make a short comment.—

"A few days since a stag being taken near the gate of *Sir John Jostle* (a sporting Baronet), his lady who has always been considered a Sportswoman of the *first* description, very *handsomely* came forward, and, apologizing to the company for Sir John's *neglect*, (not wishing of course to be ranked with those who live in *large* houses with *small* hospitality) offered *to pay* for *any thing* the company could obtain at a *neighbouring alehouse*. *O! tempora O! mores! O! turf! O! curricles! O! contempt and O! obscurity!*"

Thus an offer, the result of genuine good nature, and at a moment, perhaps, when no other means presented, is to be libelled and sneared at.—Was a house to be kept full of viands, on the chance of a stag being killed at the gate?— or had not the stag have better let Sir John know the day on which he intended to be pulled down by the hounds, near his mansion?— that a company of *all sorts*, might have been received with proper respect. It was doubtless, the best and only offer the lady could make on so sudden a visit—and if the *best*, more praise-worthy than Lord C——'s favorite entertainment, which cost him 20,000l.— but forsooth it happened not to accord with the whimsical ideas of the writer of the above article, and hence the bombastic nonsense of *O! tempora!* &c. &c.

It is not our wish to animadvert on the favours of correspondents, but the gratification of splenetic vanity should be repressed, when assuming

assuming the language of reproach and ill nature, where none is merited.

TAPLIN'S EQUESTRIAN MONITOR.

WE hear that on Saturday the 5th of November, will be published, neatly printed in foolscap octavo, price TWO SHILLINGS, (with plates applicably descriptive, representing the exact ages of HORSES by their TEETH, as well as of "COMPARATIVE SHOEING," displaying the *difference* at a single view, by a beautiful arrangement of hoofs *unshod*, *ill shod*, and shod in a *state of perfection*); TAPLIN'S *Multum in* PARVO, or SPORTSMAN'S *Equestrian Monitor*. In which the *practice* of DEALERS, GROOMS, COACHMEN, SMITHS and FARRIERS are individually investigated. To which is annexed a *Diurnal Memento*, or MEDICAL REMEMBRANCER *.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following sporting incident worth insertion in your excellent and entertaining miscellany, you may insert it. A brace of capital greyhounds of mine, being out in COUPLES with the horses at exercise last Tuesday, a hare got up, which they run for nearly a mile, turned her several times, and killed her, though she was just making for a small copse.

I am, Gentlemen, &c.

"INVERURY."

Philorth House, Aberdeenshire.
Oct. 15, 1796,

* This neat little work is printed for the author, EQUESTRIAN RECEPTACLE, EDGEWARE ROAD; and sold by *J. Wheble*, Warwick Square; and every bookseller of eminence in the king dom.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS, *of the different* THEATRICAL PERFORMERS *from* DRURY-LANE *and* COVENT GARDEN.

IT is unnecessary for us to state, that at the termination of every winter campaign, at our metropolitan theatres, the principal persons on these establishments, fly off in varied directions, to gladden other towns with their abilities, and some are even induced to extend their journies to Scotland and Ireland.—the underwritten actors and actresses were stationed as follow:

Mrs. SIDDONS, played at Liverpool and Margate; it should be observed, that this estimable actress, was more limited in her exertions this summer, than we ever recollected her to have been before; but she is now so rich in fame and wealth, that we do not wonder at her forbearance.

Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, has been enacting at Liverpool, Dublin and Corke; his terms were fifty pounds per night, for twelve nights in Dublin, and he had a similar engagement in Corke, where his success was nearly unexampled.

Mr. JOHN BANNISTER, played at Dublin, for the first time, and met with no inconsiderable portion of encouragement; his terms were the same in that city, as those of Mr. Kemble.

Mr. MUNDEN, has been performing at Dublin, Corke and Limerick: at each of which places he experienced boundless approbation: his benefit at Limerick was more productive than was ever known before, to any performer.

Mrs. JORDAN, confined her brilliant exertions to the Richmond

mond theatre, where, urged more by good nature than desire, she laboured successfully to remove the embarrassments under which the joint managers of that place laboured previous to her determination to assist them.

Mr. Lewis, played for several weeks at Birmingham and Liverpool, alternately, and concluded the summer by playing in Dublin, were this excellent comedian, matured those talents which have since rendered him so great a pillar to fashionable comedy.

Mrs. Martyr, has been likewise charming the several audiences at Dublin, Corke, and Limerick; by the rare union of good singing and good acting, added to her peculiar archness and *naivaté*, she left an impression upon the Irish nation, supremely creditable to her professional character.

Messrs. Bowden, Townsend, Ashe, Giornowichi and Parke, travelled the same route.

Incledon, has been warbling his sweet notes, in Birmingham, Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Berwick and Harrowgate, from whence he joined the York Company.

Mrs. Powell, has been skirmishing, in a limited degree, at Richmond and Margate.

Mrs. Mattocks, as usual, passed the summer suns of 1796 among her old tried and steady friends at Liverpool.

A Collection of approved Recipes, (prescribed in our Treatise on Farriery), for the cure of Diseased Horses.

The Rye-Bread Drink.

TAKE a large slice of brown or rye bread, two ounces of flour of brimstone, a quarter of a pint of honey, with a sufficient quantity of ale to make a drink. This may be repeated and given to horses in the strangles, or a day or two before physic, being both opening and cooling.

A diuretic ball for the grease.

Take of Venice turpentine, sal prunella, flour of brimstone, of each one ounce; make them into a ball. This is a very moderate ball, and should be washed down with a quart of ale, that has one one pound of onions steeped in it all night. You may give this once in four days, and by repeating it, it will clean a horse's legs wonderfully, and in some cases will do without physic. But to make them thoroughly clean, I would advise purging after it. To a coach horse you may give it for two or three days successively.

Ball against pissing blood.

Take of cortex peru one ounce; roch alum and dragon's blood, each two drams; conserve of roses enough to form into a ball: to be given once in eight hours, with a spirit of strong decoction of oak bark.

Common pissing ball.

Take venice soap and yellow rosin, each one pound; salt of tartar half a pound; camphire powdered, one ounce; oil of juniper half an ounce: beat them up together with honey and liquorice powder, and give two ounces every morning fasting.

Common pissing drink.

Yellow rosin four ounces; salt of tartar two ounces; grind them together, and dissolve in a quart of forge water.

Ball against a surfeit.

Take nitre two ounces; camphire one dram; mix into a ball with honey.

For

For hide-bound horfes.

Give an ounce of antimony and flour of brimftone every night in a marfh, and continue for a fortnight.

A worm powder.

Take of favin and tin powdered, each an ounce: give it night and morning in a marfh, or the horfes's corn.

A drink far the gripes or fret.

Take a pint of Holland's gin, rum, brandy, or Daffy's Elixir, with the fame quantity of fweet oil; and three or four ounces of common falt: mix them together and give it warm, and repeat it if neceffary.

The following fhould always be kept ready at hand, and would be a means of faving many horfes which are frequently killed by violent gripes and fpafms in the bowels; it muft be given inftantly in the moft violent pains, which it fcarce ever fails to relieve.

Take unprepared opium two ounces; of cinnamon and cloves, each one dram. Infufe the whole for ten days in a pint of white wine without heat, then ftrain it off and cork it clofe, and keep it for ufe.

A glyfter for the gripes.

Take a fheep's head, boil it in fix quarts of water to two; ftrain off the liquor, and add thereto half a pound of mutton fuet, and half a pint of fweet oil, with two drams of opium.

A bliftering Ointment.

Nerve and marfhmallow ointment each two ounces; quickfilver one ounce, thoroughly broke with an ounce of Venice turpentine; Spanifh flies powdered, a dram and an half; fublimate one dram: oil of organum two drams.

Cut off the hair as clofe as poffible, the horfe muft be kept tied up without any litter till night, to prevent his nibbling or gnawing off the blifter, which muft be anointed with lard the next day.

An ointment for mallendars and fallendars.

Take hog's lard two ounces; fublimate mercury two drams. Wafh out the cracks with warm water and foap, and let them be rubbed with a little of this ointment night and morning.

For a ftrain.

Take of the beft vinegar half a pint; fpirit of vitriol and camphorated fpirit of wine, of each two ounces.

A comfortable drink for a cold.

Take flour of brimftone, annifeeds, diapente, of each two ounces; of faffron in powder, a dram and a half; Venice treacle two ounces; honey three ounces; make them into a drink with a quart of ale, and give it warm in the morning fafting, adding two ounces of fweet oil juft before; keep your horfe warm all that day.

MORE THEATRICALS.

Brief CRITIQUE *on* EDWARD AND ELEANORA, *written by James Thomfon, Author of the Seafons.*

ON Saturday night, October 22, the tragedy of Edward and Eleanora was revived, at Drury Lane, for the purpofe of bringing forward Mrs. Siddons in a new character: the piece was by no means judicioufly chofen for this purpofe. The character of Eleanora affords but few opportunities of calling her great powers into exertion. It need not

not be added that wherever she did appear, she gave interest to the scene. All the performers, indeed, exerted themselves to do justice to their respective parts, and were individually rewarded with the approbation of the audience, though, upon the whole, the tragedy went off heavily, and with but little effect. Whatever be the merit of Edward and Eleanora, as a dramatic composition, it evidently wants interest for representation. Its brevity formed its principal recommendation to the spectators of Saturday night. The house was crowded in every part, and the succeeding entertainments of dancing and music were well calculated to dispel the gloom of the previous scenes, and dismiss the audience in good humour.

CRITICISM *on the Tragedy of* ISABELLA, *as performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, on Wednesday, October* 26.

THIS tragedy, as being in a considerable degree constructed on the rules of Aristotle, is more *sombre* in performance than others where the licence of the poet introduces a mixture and variety that animates and enlivens the scene. Isabella consequently stands in aid of the best acting to render it acceptable to the audience.

Mrs. Siddons, in the heroine, gave such an affecting picture of the domestic woes of Isabella, that every heart in the house participated in her misfortunes. Her struggles between gratitude and the fond remembrance of Biron, and her mad scene, exhibited such a finished piece of acting, as none but a woman possessed of her transcendant powers could accomplish.

Without derogating from the useful talents of Barrymore, we were glad to see the character of Biron devolve to its legitimate representative, Mr. Kemble. Every auditor is interested in the grief and misfortunes of Biron, and the agonizing langour which he displayed at the feet of Isabella, after receiving the fatal wound, touched the chords of sympathy in such a manner, as to excite the shrieks and tears of the auditors.

Charles Kemble has too much lofty solemnity in his stage deportment. He measures out his words in common colloquy, with as much formality and dull precision as the Bishop of Rochester says grace.

The Epithalamium was sweetly sung by Master Walsh and Miss Leak.

CRITICISM *on the Performance of the Tragedy of* DOUGLAS, *at Covent-Garden Theatre, Wednesday, October* 26.

MR. Elliston made his first appearance in the character of Douglas, and was very favourably received. He manifested a considerable share of spirit in the character, but was not upon the whole so successful as he proved in the parts of Sheva and Sir Edward Mortimer; he, however, contrived to sustain the importance of Douglas, and preserve the noble and dignified pride that swells in the young warrior's bosom. In the scenes with his mother, he was interesting and successful; in that with Glenalvon, he was rather under his own par, and has been outdone by other performers.

Mr. Murray made a powerful impression on the audience in Old Norval,

Norval, and told the story of his finding the infant Douglas, with a great deal of natural feeling and well assumed descriptive powers. Mr. Murray, though a good actor, has a singular fault; he pushes his energy rather too far, and would increase the effect of his delivery, if he would make less exertion, and not dwell so minutely on each word. His elaboriteness tires the ear, and weakens the force of passages that he means to render most emphatical.

Mr. Hargrave governed his voice with great prudence, and, by that means, came in for an unalloyed share of applause in Glenalvon. He took great pains with the character, and played much of it extremely well. He should try to avoid his custom of raising both his arms so frequently at once; the action is ungraceful, and has a very bad effect.

Mrs. Pope's Lady Randolph was interesting and judicious.

Mr. Middleton rendered due justice to the noble and unfortunate Lord Randolph.

Mr. COLLINS, *the Author of the* BRUSH, *his Secession from the Public Scene.*

Birmingham, Oct. 26.

THE numerous and brilliant audience which appeared on Monday night last, as the friends and patrons of Mr. Collins, and to partake, for the last time, of an entertainment which he had so repeatedly served up to them before, was a most flattering as well as an unequivocal proof of the esteem which he holds in the public eye; and at the same time calls upon him for every grateful acknowledgment; as favours such as those are too substantial to be treated lightly, much less to pass unnoticed by. The Brush was received with bursts of applause from every part of the house, *iterum atque iterum*, and the author has left us room to say of *him* and his *secession* from the *public scene*, "The weary sun hath made a golden set." While we are commissioned to say *for* him, that what he experienced that night from the worthy inhabitant of Birmingham, has stamped a record on his memory which time can never obliterate.

VORACITY *of the* SOLAN GOOSE.

THE immense quantities of fish which frequent the coasts of the Hebrides, exceed all conception.

"From the vast multitude of fowls about St. Kilda, we are sure that fish must be very plentiful there. Let us for a moment, (says the Rev. Kenneth Mac Anley, minister, who acted as missionary there,) confine our attention to the consummation made by one single species of the numberless fowls that feed on the herring.

"The solan goose is almost insatiably voracious; he flies with great velocity; toils all the day, with very little intermission, and digests his food in a very short time. He disdains to eat any thing worse than herring or mackerel, unless it be in a very hungry place, which he takes care to avoid, or abandon. We shall take it for granted, that there are an hundred thousand of that kind round the rocks of St. Kilda, and this calculation is by far too moderate, as no less than twenty thousand of them are killed yearly, including the young ones. We shall suppose they sojourn

journ in these seas for about seven months in the year, and that each of them destroys five herrings in a day, a subsistence by no means adequate to so greedy a creature, unless it were more than half supported by other fishes. Here we have one hundred thousand millions of the finest fishes in the world, devoured annually by one single species of the St. Kilda birds.

"The most critical time for harpooningthewhales in this part is, when they are seen devouring the herrings by great mouthfuls, and each gap they make is constantly filled with fresh supplies, wishing to fly beyond danger, but cannot for the thick bank beyond them, as they stand pent up in lochs, by the heavy storm. And the strongest whale dares not pierce through them; seeing he could not move his fins for the immense throng, much less rise to the surface to breathe: therefore the monster is seen behind the herrings, like a horse eating at the face of a hay-rick."

ALTRINGHAM.

BUZZARD.

(With an elegant Copper-plate.)

THE portraiture of Buzzard given in this Number, is from a painting by Mr. Sartorius.—Buzzard is the best horse of his day, and covers at Newmarket, and is the property of C. Wilson, Esq. We shall in a future number give the pedigree of this horse.

EMBODYING GAME-KEEPERS.

ONE of Mr. Pitt's propositions for augmenting the military force of the kingdom, having reference to the game-keepers, it cannot be improperly noticed in the Sporting Magazine. To be best understood, we shall present the whole of Mr. Pitt's propositions:

1. That 15000 men should be raised by the different parishes, in the same manner as they were about two years since, *for the service of the army and navy*.

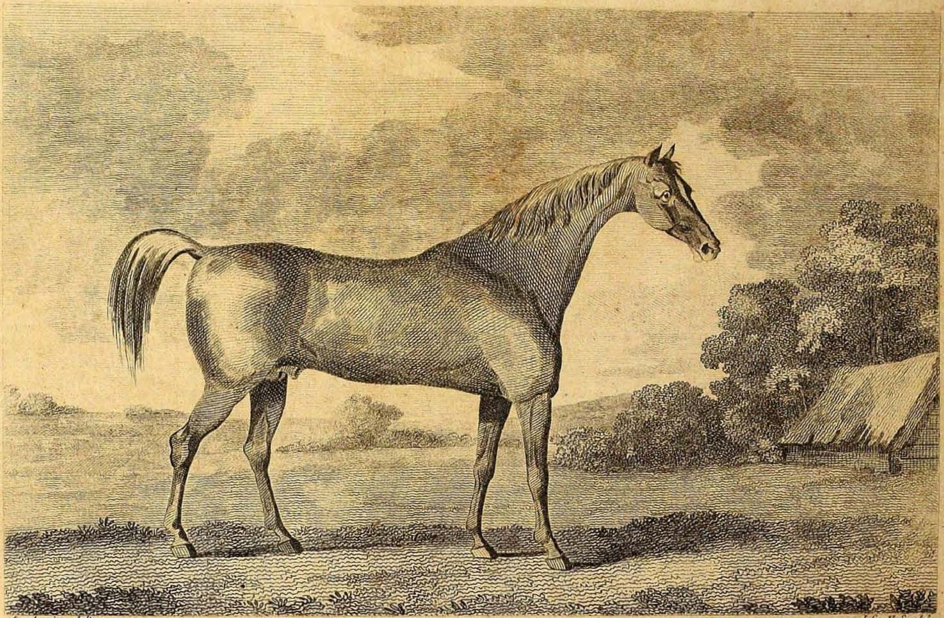
2. That an augmentation of 60,000 men be made to the militia, but a smaller number of privileged exemptions than at present; one sixth part only to be in training every twenty days, but the whole to be liable to be called out, in case of an actual invasion, and to be officered by the crown.

3. That a body of cavalry should be raised in the following manner, viz. That the number of horses kept for pleasure amounting to 200,000, every person keeping ten, should be obliged to find a man and horse properly armed and accoutred for the public service; every person keeping twenty horses, to send two horses and men; and so in proportion; and those persons keeping only one horse should be classed into parties of ten, who should jointly furnish one man and horse, armed and accoutred, at their expence.

4. That the game-keepers, being well acquainted with the country in which they live, would form an useful as well as numerous body of men, (about 7000,) he would propose that they should be embodied, and that those who objected should have the money they paid for their several deputations, returned them, and no longer act.

The foregoing being moved in the House of Commons on the 18th instant, bills were in consequence brought in, and on the

Tuesday



Sartorius, delt. *J. Scott Sculpt.*

BUZZARD GOT BY WOODPECKER.

Published Nov.r 1. 1796 by I. Wheble *Warwick Court.*

Tuesday following, the 25th, the proceedings as under took place:

House of Commons,
Tuesday, Oct. 25.

GAME-KEEPERS.

The bill for raising a certain number of irregular cavalry was read a second time, and previously to its being committed,

Mr. Rose moved, that it be an instruction to the committee to introduce a clause for the purpose of embodying game-keepers, and of attaching them to the different regiments of militia.

Mr. Joliffe wished to know if it was meant to include in this regulation every one who had received a deputation.

Mr. Rose said, that it was only meant to attach absolutely on game-keepers; and that those gentlemen who have received a deputation would be permitted to surrender it to the Clerk of the Peace or his deputy, before the 23d of November next. If, however, they should not do so, in case of invasion, they would be called on to serve unless they found a good marksman for their substitute, subject to the approbation of the Lord Lieutenant of the county to which they belonged.

Mr. Jolliffe thought the measure of such extreme importance, that nothing should be left in doubt concerning it; he therefore wished to know, as the hon. gentleman had mentioned in case of invasion, whether it was in that case only that this corps was to be embodied?

Mr. Rose did not mean to make that assertion. This corps was intended to be embodied, and to act with the regiments of new militia; and therefore would be subject like them to be called out in case of impending danger of invasion, at the discretion of the crown.

Mr. Jolliffe thought this extent of operation in the clause little preferable to the requisitions in France which had been so much condemned. He therefore should oppose it in the first instance.

Mr. Rose conceived that any objection to the measure would come more properly when it was brought forward in a future stage for discussion.

The Bill being committed,

Mr. Rose said, that he had yesterday intimated his willingness to make a distinction between the several classes of persons holding deputations as game-keepers. He had now proposed a clause for that purpose.

This clause was brought up and read. It provides, that every person holding an estate, houses, or other hereditaments, either in his own right, or in that of his wife, of the yearly value of 50l. or who is heir to an estate, &c. of the annual value of 100l. shall be allowed to provide a substitute as the person whom he represented.

This clause was received, and the bill was ordered to be printed and reported on Monday.

Adjourned.

ANECDOTE.

A countryman lately detected shooting partridges, excused himself to the 'squire, a violent *church* and *king* man, by saying he was learning to shoot at the French, should they attempt to land. "But why," said the 'squire, "do you shoot at my game; why do you not stick a mark on a tree, and shoot at that?" "That would not answer the purpose," replied the countryman; you have always told me the French will *run away*, and therefore I must learn to shoot them *flying!*"

EXTRA SPORTING.

Oct. 3.

MR. Chapman's hounds blooded themselves very handsomely at Wimbledon Common, being their first day for this season, they were indulged with two brace and a half. A *fall* or *two* from the *Stock Exchange* took place in the inclosures, affording conviction that *leaps* are easier *looked at* than *taken*, and that " look before you leap," is no bad *memento* going out in the morning.

Newman's hounds had already killed seven brace and a half of cubs in their airing excursions, exclusive of an old fox, (accidentally found) which after a run of an hour and a half, they killed in the open country.

The Hertfordshire subscription pack, (late Calvert's) fill but slowly; that country is too deep, and holds forth but little attraction to strangers.

Lord Berkeley's (as were) promise much better. Fourteen hundred guineas is said to be the strength of the present subscription; of which we hear Lord Sefton stands three, as does Mr. Willams, of Temple Mills, member for Marlow.

Lord Stawell has incurred the displeasure of the Hampshire sportsmen, by the mode of parting with his fox-hounds, after they had acceded to ever proposition his Lordship had himself made for their support in that part of the county.

Mr. Poyntz, the Gills, &c. have the Midgham and Basildon hunt in Berks.

HUNTSMAN TO THE SURRY FOX-HOUNDS.

[From the Morning Herald, Oct. 26, 1796.]

The liberality of the gentlemen who usually attend the Surry fox-hounds, to the huntsman, on a recent occasion, is unexampled, and the ingratitude and want of attention in the fellow, deserves the most severe reprobation:—one day last week, in half crowns only, he received 16 guineas, and it was agreed, that, on the following Tuesday, yesterday, the hounds were to meet at Wolton Hurst, 18 miles from town; on the day appointed, sixty gentlemen attended on the cover side, in anxious expectation of a good day's sport, when, after waiting from nine o'clock in the morning till one, the hounds never came, nor did the *huntsman* condescend to intimate to the *sportsmen*, that he had changed his *course*. We can scarcely credit the idea that the proprietor of the hounds meant to disappoint his friends on account of a little *frost*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Friday, 22d October instant, a brown gelding belonging to Mr. Jex, of Alethorp, Norfolk, trotted a single mile on the road between Dereham and Norwich, for a wager of ten guineas: the horse was allowed three minutes, but performed the match with great ease in two minutes and 49 seconds.

A few days since, a crow was observed flying over a field near Lewes, with something very large in his talons. The man who saw it, hollowing very loud, caused the crow to let go his burthen, which however he followed to the ground. On the approach of the man, the crow with great reluctance quitted his prey, which proved to be a remarkable fine partridge, but headless, and with a shot wound in one of its wings. The head, it is supposed, was taken off by the crow after his descent,

descent, as the partridge was bleeding quite fresh at the neck when taken up by the man.

PHŒNOMENON.

A milk-white hare has lately engaged the attention of sportsmen in the neighbourhood of Lancing, Sussex, but she has hitherto eluded their murderous researches. She has been several times seen on Burpham Farm, in the above parish.

One day this month, a stag that had broke out of the Duke of Norfolk's park at Arundel, was hunted and chased by some dogs in the neighbourhood, to Houghton Bridge, where he attacked a man who was crossing it with a string of horses, and so violently, that he forced one of his lesser horns quite through his thigh. The stag also made a push at another man, who was leaning over the hatch of his brewhouse, near the bridge, and afterwards made his way into a turf house, where he was killed. The weight of each of his haunches was 30lb. The Duke of Norfolk, on being made acquainted with the circumstance, humanely sent two surgeons to attend the wounded man, and ordered all possible care to be taken of him.

A gentleman, on whose veracity we can rely, has favoured us with the following extraordinary instance of longevity in a horse:—There is now living, and in the possession of a hawker, at Brighthelmstone, a horse, which in the seven years war of our allies in Germany, was the property of the late Marquis of Granby, when he commanded the English forces there. This horse, on his return from the continent, was sixteen years old, and at that age, in reward for past services, was turned loose, by order of the marquis, into a park, where he lived perfectly at his ease 16 years more, at the end of which term he was sold to his present master, in whose service he has been regularly worked during the last fourteen years, and is now arrived at the uncommon age of 46 years!

The above venerable horse is of a light grey colour, interspersed with bloody spots, is in good condition, and eats hay well; his legs are quite free from wind-galls, and his teeth are tolerably good, though very long.

Bath Races, which some years since rivalled the splendid turfs of York and Chester in the number of horses and the spirit of the sportsmen, have long experienced a woeful falling off—and this year particularly so. Neither of the fifty pounds have been run for—and Major Brereton's Doricles had not a competitor for the Bath Cup. Some matches, however, were run each day, which drew many persons upon the Down, and afforded sufficient sport to keep them in good humour. The hack and poney race, and the other exhibitions prolonged the diversions of the week.

Among the best sport at the last Enfield races, was a fellow in the neighbourhood, who advertised to shew a *carriage* that would go *without horses*. The *flats* were taken in, and each succeeding groupe were ashamed to confess that they had seen—*a wheel-barrow!*

The

The Caledonian hunt ſhould have met at Dumfries on the 10th inſtant, but on the 12th only one member had appeared. Moſt of the members have commiſſions in the army, and their non-attendance is owing to the late order for all officers to join their reſpective corps.

A duel has lately been fought at Madras, between a Mr. Atherley, and a Mr. Abbot. The firſt of them was wounded. They are both of the ſuit of Lord Hobart.

An infamous fellow, named Charles Spencer, has undergone ſeveral examinations at the Public Office Bow-ſtreet, charged with ſtealing a number of valuable horſes. His practice was ſingularly inhuman and atrocious. He would ride the horſes he had ſtolen, as long as they were able to go, and then ſhut them them up in a ſtable without food or water, ſo as to render them fit only for thoſe who buy horſes to kill and boil for the dogs; this wretch will moſt likely get his deſerts at the next Old Bailey ſeſſions; as will probably alſo, Richard Furguſon, alias *Galloping Dick*, for ſtealing a blind poney, the property of Mr. Preſton, of Smallbury Green, and a cropt mare belonging to Colonel Harcourt. It will be lucky for theſe *galloping* heroes, if they eſcape a *gallop* or *dance* upon *nothing*, before the Debtor's-door of Newgate.

Oct. 8.

A meeting took place on Thurſday laſt, between the Earl of Lonſdale and Sir Frederick Vane, in Hyde Park, in conſequence of a haſty altercation on the preceding evening, when it appearing to the ſeconds, Colonel Lowther and Mr. H. Howard, that as the affair had ariſen in miſconception, they thought it their duty to propoſe an explanation of the cauſe of their diſpute, which happily put a termination to the affair, highly honourable to both parties.

The wife of a cobler at Framfield, in imitation of her betters, eloped with a *knight of the loom*, whoſe ſhuttle having placed the awl of poor Criſpin beyond the power of competition, that he had no hopes left of redeeming his wife, but through the medium of the law; he therefore purſued the adulterers to Eaſt Grimſtead, where, by the help of conſtables, he ſecured them, and took the weaver before Lord Sheffield, who committed him to the houſe of correction at Lewes, where he had not been confined more than ten days, before the relenting cobler petitioned the magiſtrate for his liberation, which was granted to the great joy of *Lady Laſt*, who would not let her *Lord* be at reſt, until he had given motion to the ſhuttle.

A ſhort time ſince, one Thomas Piercy, having rowed two men acroſs the river Thames, at the pariſh of Biſham, in Berkſhire, was ſo imprudent as to play with a bull, which was ſtaked with a chain in a meadow on the ſide of the Thames, in the pariſh of Marlow; having ſtroked and patted him very quietly, he took up the chain, and the bull advanced in a very placid manner, but at laſt gave him a butt, which threw him to the ground, and then the bull walked back again quietly. The man's ribs were broken, and the body ſo much

much injured by the blow, that he died the next day.

On the 22d of April last, Mr. Mellor, of Bretby, in Derbyshire, mowed in his barn a stack of wheat, when a terrier, in search of vermin, was unknowingly buried in it.—On the 4th of June, a labouring man heard the barking of a dog among the corn, which he removed. and the poor animal was found alive with its jaws locked. On giving it some milk with a spoon, it died immediately, after being forty-four days without any sort of food.

On Tuesday the 4th instant, a gentleman of Liverpool going to Chester, sent his horse before him in a boat to the Rock-house Ferry: when the gentleman arrived, it was not so late but he thought he would pursue his journey, and ordered his horse out, but the ostler not being able to find him in the field in which he was left, the gentleman was obliged to wait till the next morning, and the horse not being still to be found, he pursued his journey on an hired one, but upon his return, he was much surprised to hear that the horse was quietly standing at the stable door, very early on the morning after he was missed, having crossed the river in the night. This is a feat he once attempted before, but boats being sent after him, he was made to return back again. The horse is very old, and is well known to the inhabitants of Ormskirk, by the names of "Old Dick" and "Doctor," having formerly belonged to a gentleman of that profession there.

SINGULAR PHŒNOMENON.

There are now living at farmer Perry's, at Wooley, near Bath, a pair of turtle doves, that fly about the fields and woods during the day time, and return regularly every evening to the house to roost, where they have a cage in the kitchen. If the doors are shut on their return, they take up their abode in an adjacent tree, where in the early part of the summer, they built their nest, and hatched a couple of young ones, which, with the nest, is now to be seen at the farm-house.

Whitfield the player, while at Liverpool, sent a turtle to London, which he intended for a friend of his, who keeps an inn in the city, but, in directing it to a gentleman at the post office, for the purpose of franking it, he neglected to explain to him in due time, his motive for so doing; in consequence of which, the gentleman, naturally supposing it to be a present to himself, immediately sent it off to Lord Chesterfield, with his compliments. So that his Lordship by the blunder, came in for an *active* and *plump* turtle, no part of which, except the *shell* was to be seen when the mistake was discovered.

As two men were fighting lately at Stirbitch fair, one of them, named James Seakins, an inhabitant of Barnwell, received so violent a blow on one of his temples, by falling against a pile of cheese, that he expired in a few minutes.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.

There is in a pond at Killarmarsh, near Sheffield, in the garden of Mr. John Shepherd, Wharfinger and Publican, a quantity of fish, of different sorts which he feeds every morning with

with worms, and they are so accustomed to his daily visit, that on his approach to the water side, they will ascend to the surface of the water, and even take the food out of his hands.

A few days since, a pike was caught in the river Trent, near Burton, which weighed immediately after taken out of the water, 28lb.

The present rage for curricles arises from the false principle on which phaetons were built. The school of whipmanship for the young nobility and gentry being from the boxes of stage coaches, the unmechanic phaeton became the representative of a stage machine without the body. The destruction of the horses, and the loss of expedition, arose from the body overhanging a componative low front wheel, with a seven feet monster of a wheel with nothing on it behind. Thus the more sensible animals, the horses, were obliged to turn the high hind wheel with the low spoke or lever of the small wheel in front. To remove the more elegant and safe carriage called the phaeton, let an experiment be made with the following advantages:—The wheels all four feet three inches high, with hoop fellies; the best invention of anti-attrition axles, as little dished as convenient; the body to bear equal on both axles, the splinter-bar on a right line with the axle, or nearly so; upon this principle, a single horse would run at a great rate; but with two, or four, they would fly. In order to turn angles sharp, the perch-bolt, or pin, to be placed two or three inches behind the axle.

A she-wolf, of an uncommon size, had ravaged, during six months, the cantons of Chateauneuf, Champleury, and Brinon, in the department of La Nievre, in France, where she devoured upwards of ten women and children. The administrators had given orders for a general hunt, for the purpose of destroying her, but in vain; the animal could not be found, and did not re-appear but when she wanted fresh victims. Desolation pervaded the country, and every heart was chilled with horror; when, on the 18th of last Prairial, two women, being attacked by the wolf, struck her with a stick, and stunned her so as to gain time enough to effect their escape, and to alarm the country. At the sound of the alarm-bell, the greater part of the citizens of the neighbouring communes assembled; and, at their request, Citizens Fournier, brothers, who reside at Wethel, joined them with their pack of hounds. The dogs soon found the wolf, when a desperate combat ensued, in which many of the dogs were killed; but at length the voracious animal fell, after she had received upwards of twenty musquet-balls in her body.

ATTACHMENT OF AN ASS.

On Friday, October 17, a man of the name of Kirby was found drowned in the Worcester Canal, near Birmingham. He is supposed to have been intoxicated, and missed his road. His ass was the means of discovering him,—as the animal, though repeatedly driven from the bank of the canal, continually returned to the spot, until the body was seen and taken out of the water.

Mr. Wam, of Newbury, having for some time past missed a great many

many chickens, at laſt diſcovered a hole in the barn, and upon opening it, ſoon found out the cauſe: an old rat being caught, and a neſt taken, wherein were fourteen young ones, with the ſkeletons of many broods.

A few days ago, a farmer at Summerfield, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, in Scotland, killed an adder, which meaſured upwards of three feet in length; and having the curioſity to open her, found nine young ones in her all alive, the leaſt of which was ſix inches and an half long.

A melancholy accident happened lately at the ſchool at Eton. A young gentleman had his hand torn off by the burſting of a fowling piece, and owing to the ſhattering of the bone, was obliged to undergo amputation the ſecond time.

A ſhort time ſince, as Mrs. Mead, wife of Mr. Thomas Mead, of Drumcondra, near Ardee, in Ireland, was walking in the garden, accompanied by her ſiſter, Miſs Baſhfort, they were attacked in a moſt furious manner by a mad dog. The animal firſt leaped on Mrs. Mead's back, without doing any other injury; he afterwards ran at her ſiſter, and bit one of her arms and legs in a moſt ſhocking manner, and withdrew: the dog, after going a ſhort diſtance, returned, as if not content with what he had done, leaped on her, and entirely tore the noſe from her face. She has ſince continued in a moſt deplorable ſtate. The animal afterwards bit eleven people in the town, and a number of pigs, dogs, &c. He was purſued by a party of the Dublin Militia, who overtook and ſhot him about a mile from town.

CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Saturday, September 17, and poſtponed to September 24, was played a grand ſingle match of cricket, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between Fenex and Ray, againſt R. Whitehead and W. Barton, eſqrs. with T. Walker, for 100 guineas a ſide.

FENEX and RAY.

Firſt Innings.

	B.	H.	R.	
Fenex	102	97	23	hit wicket.
Ray	4	2	1	b. W. Barton.
	106	99	24	

Second Innings.

Ray	18	16	2	b. W. Barton
Fenex	240	227	46	c. do. do.
	258	243	48	

R. WHITEHEAD, Eſq.

Firſt Innings.

T. Walker	166	152	40	b. Fenex.
W. Barton	51	29	4	c. do.
R. Whitehead	16	9	6	b. do.
	233	190	50	

Second Innings.

R. Whitehead	2	0	0	b. Fenex.
W. Barton	3	0	0	b. do.
T. Walker	5	4	1	b. do.
	10	4	1	

Fenex and Ray won by 21 runs.

ON Thurſday, Sept. 22, and the following day, was played a grand ſingle match, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between R. Whitehead, eſq. with J. Wells, againſt W. Barton, eſq. with Robinſon, for 100 guineas a ſide.

W. BARTON, Eſq.

Firſt Innings.

	B.	H.	R.	
J. Wells	18	16	4	b. Robinſon.
W. Barton	13	11	3	b. ditto.
	31	27	7	

Second Innings.

W. Barton	73	50	23	b. Robinſon.
J. Wells	176	143	44	b. ditto.
	249	193	67	

R. WHITE-

R. WHITEHEAD, Esq.

First Innings.

Robinson	47	37	11	c. J. Wells.
R. Whitehead	9	8	0	b. ditto.
	56	45	11	

Second Innings.

R. Whitehead	3	0	0	b. ditto.
Robinson	31	30	9	b. ditto.
	44	30	9	

W. Barton, esq. won by 54 runs.

ON Thursday, Sept. 29, and the following day, a grand single match was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone—Messrs. Gunter and Ray against Messrs. Bland and Barton, for 100 guineas a side.

GUNTER and RAY.

First Innings.

	B.	H.	R.	
Gunter	8	7	2	b. Barton.
Ray	70	59	18	b. ditto.
	78	66	20	

Second Innings.

Gunter	8	7	0	b. Barton.
Ray	189	170	46	c. ditto.
	197	177	46	

BLAND and BARTON.

First Innings.

Bland	2	1	0	c. Ray.
Barton	70	56	23	b. ditto.
	72	57	23	

Second Innings.

Bland	6	4	3	run out
Barton	87	77	37	b. Ray.
	93	81	40	

On Monday the 26th and Thursday the 29th of September, a match was played at Necton, between the gentlemen of Swaffham and the gentlemen of Shipdam, which was won by the former, and one wicket to go down.

Monday and Tuesday the 3d and 4th of October, a match was played upon Hempton Green, for forty-four guineas, between the gentlemen of the Brinton club, and the gentlemen of the Swaffham club, (including Mr. Newman, of the Mary-le-bone club, in London,) which was won by the former, with five wickets to go down.

Wednesday, the 5th of October, a match was played between the gentlemen of Wells and the gentlemen of Holkham, and decided in favour of the former, with seven wickets to go down.

ON Thursday, October 6, and the two following days, a grand single match was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between W. Barton, esq. and Ray, for fifty guineas a side; and afterwards a second single match was played between —— Jones, and W. Barton, esqrs. against —— White, esq. and Ray, for 100 guineas a side.

THE FIRST MATCH.

W. BARTON, Esq.

First Innings.

	B.	H.	R.	
W. Barton	6	4	4	c. Ray.

Second Innings.

W. Barton	40	42	10	c. ditto.
	46	44	14	

RAY.

First Innings.

Ray	19	15	7	b. Barton.

Second Innings.

Ray	5	4	3	b. ditto.
	24	19	10	

THE SECOND MATCH.

—— WHITE, Esq.

First Innings.

	B.	H.	R.	
Ray	46	34	14	b. Barton.
White	14	13	1	run out.
	60	47	15	

Second Innings.

White	27	24	5	b. Barton.
Ray	82	72	19	c. ditto.
	109	96	24	

—— JONES, Esq.

First Innings.

Jones	50	41	8	b. Ray.
W. Barton	4	3	0	b. ditto.
	54	44	8	

Second Innings.

Jones	41	30	14	b. Ray.
W. Barton	50	37	18	not out.
	91	67	32	

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ELEGY,

Written on the Second of September, the commencement of PARTRIDGE SHOOTING *being this year deferred by an Act of Parliament from the First to the Fourteenth day of the month.*

GREY o'er the landſcape ſtole the ſober morn,
Ere yet the mowers' early taſk begun;
The riſing breeze juſt ſtir'd the whiſp'ring corn,
And purple clouds beſpoke th' approaching ſun;

When on the roughen'd fallows freſhly turn'd,
Cloſe by the ſtubbles edge a covey lay;
And thus their children's fate their parents mourn'd,
Loſt in the dangers of the coming day:

" Ye downy pledges of our mutual love,
" No longer can it aid your bliſs to hide
" The fatal ills, you ſoon are doom'd to prove,
" Which yearly on this day our race betide.

" Securely feed, ſecurely baſk no more,
" Watch'd by a father's, or a mother's care;
" In vain with ſwift and whirring wing you'll ſoar,
" For fate purſues you through the pathleſs air.

" Recal my children when, through yonder field,
" Panting and fierce, you ſaw two monſters rove,
" While one behind, with dreadful voice impell'd,
" And whiſtled ſhrill, and taught them where to move.

" Thoſe were our deadly foes; the firſt betray,
" Led by the treacherous ſcent, where cloſe we lie;
" Swift as we riſe, the other ſkill'd to ſlay,
" Strikes with the pealing thunder of the ſky."

The morn aroſe, no dogs, no gun affright;
'Twas noon! yet nought was heard but labour's voice,
Cool o'er the landſcape fell the dew of night,
And all was peace; the parent birds rejoice.

Perch'd on a clod, the grateful ſire begun,
While throng'd around the liſtening covey ſtood;
" Bleſt be the riſing and the ſetting ſun,
" Which has not on this day beheld our blood.

" I now can gueſs the cauſe;—as late I lay
" In yonder hedge-row by the foot-path ſide,
" The farmer and the curate paſs'd that way,
" While foreign news their ſolemn chat ſupplied.

" They talk'd of ſomething done not long before,
" And gun-ſhot wounds, and many a thouſand ſlain;
" The farmer hop'd they'd kill ten thouſand more,
" I thought them partridges, and ſhrunk with pain.

" But ſoon was taught what yet I ſcarce can ſpeak,
" My nature ſhudders at the horrid plan,
" Our former foes each others death now ſeek,
" And man *goes out to ſhoot* his brother man!

" O ſavage

"O ſavage race! yet why ſhould I complain,
"While their contention brings repoſe "to me?
"With mutual carnage let them ſtrew the "plain,
"If, only thus, they'll leave our covies "free."

S. W.

AN IRISH BLUNDER WITHOUT A BULL.

COLONEL Patrick O'Blaney, as honeſt a teague,
As ever took ſnuff to repel peſt or plague,
Having got a French ſnuff-box of *papier machee*,
Which to open requir'd much pains, do you ſee?
Always kept a bent ſixpence at hand in his pocket,
And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it;
As by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
He came at his rappee that was under it hid:
But one day when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He ſearch'd for his teſter, but all to no end,
Till at laſt 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it;
When in rage he cried "Arrah, the devil "confound it,
"I'll engage you don't ſerve me that ſame "trick again,
"For to make me after thus hunting in "vain;"
So opening the box by the help of the tizzy,
And ſeaking his noſe till his noddle was dizzy,
He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a ſhrug,
While tight went the rim down, "So there "you lie ſnug;
"And, my hide-and-ſeek friend, I beg "leave to remind ye,
"That the next time I want you, I'll know "where to find ye."

BRUSH.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. MACREADY, *on opening the* BIRMINGHAM THEATRE.

WELL! "all this world's a ſtage" of pranks and prayers,
"And all the men and women merely "players;"
Thoſe who would ſave their country or enſlave her,
Like me, are candidates for public favour.
Here my lord duke accoſts you, cap in hand,
And, there, a ducheſs leads a clamorous band.
Eſcap'd from Weſtminſter's deſtructive rage,
Where titled ſtateſmen crowd the noiſy ſtage,
Once more a ſenſe of former kindneſs draws
An humbler candidate for your applauſe.
With him appear a ſtrong experienc'd band,
To canvaſs ſuffrages in Shakeſpeare's land.
Shakeſpeare!—The ſound, the name, the ſoul inſpire
A brighter glow of energy and fire.
O! could ſome animating pow'r infuſe
Amongſt our train, ſome ſparks of Shakeſpeare's muſe!
Then would his mighty ſhade, ſtill hovering round
His humble vot'ries, and his natal ground,
Smile to behold the kindred paſſions burn,
And each one ſhine—a Garrick in his turn.
Mine was the taſk of culling many a flow'r
T'dorn for you this year's dramatic bow'r;
The London boards their rival fav'rites yield—
Here, Covent Garden and Drury take the field.
Beware the witching glance from Farren's eye,
Where in an hour a Londoner muſt die—
Mark the ſweet ſtrain that flows from Crouch's throat,
While Incledon and Kelly ſwell the note;
And Lewis, through the maze of frolic glides,
And Fawcett's humour makes you ſhake your ſides.
Clendining too ſhall join the vocal throng,
And Birmingham rejoice in glee and ſong.
While thus diſpos'd, and willing to be merry,
You'll not diſlike the flavour of our Cherry*.
Should wiſh'd ſucceſs attend on this endeavour,
Then may I hope to meet your uſual favour,
Nor ſhould I wiſh one moment to preſerve it,
But while you find me ſtudy to deſerve it.

Soon may the din and rage of war be o'er;
Soon olive PEACE reviſit our bleſs'd ſhore;
Then ſhall proud COMMERCE ſee her ſails unfurl'd,
And with your manufactures, fill the world.

---

* A performer from Dublin, who receives in Birmingham the greateſt applauſe in comic characters.

THE

THE WOUNDED THRUSH.

THAT thrush there is wounded, I fear:
Step hither, my sweet little bird!
Do you think I would hurt you, my dear?
I won't, no I won't on my word.

Thy wing, that so bloody hangs down,
Pretty creature! say what can it ail?
I doubt you've been shot by some clown!
Come, tell me your pitiful tale.

Yes, lady, my tale you shall know,
A pitiful tale you will find:
To a gunner my sorrow I owe—
I have long been afraid of mankind.

Though I had been shot at before,
They happily miss'd me till now:
This wound you so kindly deplore,
I got as I sat on yon bough.

All under the wind, in the ray
I sat, little thinking of ill;
Thus wounded, I flutter'd away—
The shooter is after me still.

Oh! save me from that murd'ring man!
My life if you can but prolong,
I'll pay you as well as I can,
I'll pay you with many a song.

Sweet rogue!—and she gave him a kiss,
Then gently she clipt off his wing—
He lives; and the bard that penn'd this
T'other day heard the pretty rogue sing.

BROTHER SCRUB'S ADVICE TO HIS BROTHER BRUSH.

Dear Brother,

YOUR style could I quaintly adopt,
And your diction with ease imitate,
My Pegasus should not be easily stopt,
Till I'd prov'd who best merits the plate.

But YOU from wit's starting-post bound with such speed,
'Tis so hard to keep up with your paces,
That the best rival jockey would stand in some need
Of the spur, when *your* PEG on the race is.

But while you thus prance, and kick up such a dust,
Don't attempt to throw dust in our eyes;
For with pert Betsey Broom, jostle, cross, or run rust,
'Gainst a shade you but push for the prize.

We can squint through the mist, and perceive 'tis a match,
Which you've made with *yourself* thus to trick us;
But critics will cross ye, and I'm a cross patch,
To detect how your nag would thus nick us.

It was once well observ'd by an old-fashion'd wit,
And such wits I for ever shall prize,
That "the best of men's faults on their fore-
"heads if writ,
"They their hats would pull over their
"eyes."

Then, believe me, good friend, other faults while you trace,
As their faults you with freedom have scann'd,
'Twill be well when surveying your own pretty fate,
If *your* frontlet is free from a brand.

Not but this I must own,—That when wits are inclin'd,
Poor delinquents with dirt to bespatter,
A good saving clause for themselves they can find,
And still put a good face on the matter.

That you're right in your drift though—I frankly confess,
As drift crown'd with thrift is no vapour;
For—"always provided and nevertheless,"
Poet's Corner gives life to your paper.

Nay, my *own* life I'll stake, that its liveliness ever
Will warrant success to its sale;
As the Brush by its pleasing attrition will never
Be found in attraction to fail.

Unless vain conceit and importance of self,
Should undo what so well has been done;
And the Brush should perchance be laid by on the shelf,
For its losing much more than it won.

At present it proves that the taste of the times,
To its sweep gives a scope without blame;
And the Times, Star, and Sun, with the World, quote its rhymes,
Plagiarizing a second-hand fame.

While the modest Whitehall, which to merit allows
All its stamen, its strength, and its stay,
Surreptitious pretences like theirs disavows,
And invites to the Brush—hark away!

Hark!

Hark away!—Ay, and hark to a lesson concise,
Keep your course upright, even, and plain;
And while jostling with folly, and hunting down vice,
Have a care how you handle the rein.

We must own 'tis a Scrubbing Brush bus'-ness at best,
To give two such jades a clean rub;
So I pray, Brother Brush, when in earnest or jest,
Take a hint from your poor brother

SCRUB.

THE DELIVERANCE OF MOSES.

A CRAZY TALE.

YOU know, dear Andrew, there goes a tale
How that our little lawgiver Moses,
As every one indeed supposes,
By some ill luck got naked in a river,
(The accident still makes me shiver,)
For he knew not to swim exactly like a whale.
Perchance the fairest of th' Egyptian court,
Yclept at chaste St. James's "*Maids of Honour*,"
Rambling one evening for some other sport,
Espied the Sinai-Hero 'mongst the rushes,
But could not help him for their blushes;
So Pharaoh's daughter took the task upon her.

Pulling her petticoats up to her breast,
Close where the barricado-zone is,
For she at this time was mostly drest,
As with our dashing maids the present ton is,
Jump'd in, and took the kicking bantling by the leg,
Just as Moll Blowzy, or Cook-maid Peg
Does, when she brings from market a young pig,
With all the might and main she's able,
To kill, stuff, dress for Master Square-toes' table.

THE MATERNAL PREDICTION.

DOLLY Dovetail, a damsel of tear-sheet descent,
On the best use of time most devoutly was bent,
And her favours bestow'd on six lovers at least,
Who perform'd husbands' duties without help of priest!
For Doll was in keep with a wealthy Mynheer,
Who kept a great shop too of toys and Dutch geer;
But oft' stealing out, when Vansplawken was busy,
Danc'd her merry-go-rounds till her head was quite dizzy;
And, what was still worse, between sport, out and in,
Her waist, late so taper, got up to her chin!
Now Dolly, perplex'd, was with shame almost wild,
Being quite at a loss where to father her child;
When Old Dorcas, her friend, ev'ry scruple o'er-stepping,
Declar'd that Mynheer ought to pay for by-leaping;
As, 'twas plain as a pikestaff, the boorish old elf
Made a point to keep *all that was Doll's* to himself:
"Why, that's very true," said the wench, with a sigh,
"But young Jack in the Box will spoil all "bye and bye;
"For I'm sure that his tongue will, by "instinct, be such,
"That the rogue will speak English, but "never talk Dutch!"

REFLECTIONS

AFTER KILLING A MOUSE.

Parvis componere magna solebam.

POOR little MOUSE, to stop thy breath,
How could I thus my hand uplift,
Who feel'st as great a pang in death,
As all who share life's common gift.

Perhaps, alas! the warmest care
Maternal fondness knows, was thine;
For taking what I well could spare,
Thy life was sure too great a fine.

A little helpless brood may wait,
For what thy care each ev'ning bore;
But ah! like thine must be their fate,
That wonted care returns no more.

I'll haste to seek the secret place
Where snug the nibbling youngsters lie,
There tend with food the orphan'd race,
And watch no mewing foe comes nigh.

G. L.

EPIGRAM.

"I'LL hold a crown," quoth Dick to Ned,
"You often wrong your neighbour's bed."
"And I," quoth Ned, "will hold my life,
"You always had a tell-tale wife!"